Love Tricks:

OR, THE

SCHOOL

OF

Complements;

As it is now Acted by His

ROYAL HIGHNESSE

THE

Duke of *YORK*'s Servants

At the THEATRE

IN

Little Lincolns-Inne Fields.

By *J. S.* Shirley

Licens'd *May* 24. 1667. Roger L'Estrange.

LONDON,

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Love Tricks:

SCHOOL

Compliments;

THE PROLOGUE.

IN our Old Plays, the humor Love and Paſſion
Like Doublet, Hoſe, and Cloak, are out of faſhion:
That which the World call'd Wit in Shakeſpears Age,
Is laught at, as improper for our Stage;
Nay Fletcher ſtands Corrected, what hope then
For this poor Author, Shirley; whoſe ſoft Pen
Was fill'd with Air in Comick Scenes, alas,
Your Guards are now ſo ſtrict he'l never paſs,
And yet methinks, I hear the Critticks ſay
'Twas our fault, why would we revive his Play?
But, Modern Poets, if you'l give me leave,
To tell you what I humbly do conceive,
The fault's yours, for our Stage ſhall be no Debtor
For Shirley's Play, if you would write a better.
Mean time we hope our noble Gueſts will think,
Th' old Wine good, till the new be fit to drink.

Dram-

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Cornelio, an ancient Gentleman.
Infortunio, a Gentleman, Lover of *Selina*.
Rufaldo, an old Merchant.
Antonio, Son to *Cornelio*, in love with *Hilaria*.
Gaſparo, a Gentleman, a Lover of *Felice*.
Jenkin, a Welchman.
Bubulcus, a rich Gull, in love with *Hilaria*.
Jocarello, *Jenkins* Page.
Gorgon, *Antonio's* Servant.
Ingeniolo, a Juſtices Clerk.
Orlando Furioſo, a Recorder.
An old Countrey-man.
Offe his Son.
Servingman.
Shepheards.

Selina, *Cornelio's* Daughter.
Felice, her Siſter.
Hilaria, *Rufaldo's* Daughter.
Delia, a Chamber-maid.
Medulla, a Countrey Gentlewoman.
Shepheardeſſes.

THE

LOVE TRICKS:

OR,

The School of Complement.

Scena prima.

Enter Antonio and Gaſparo.

Antonio.

SIrrah, this Welſhman is in love with my ſiſter *Selina*, and hath choſen me for his Prolocutor.

Gaſp. O! this Love will make us all mad, thou knoweſt I lov'd a ſiſter of thine once, but heaven knows where ſhe is, I think ſhe lov'd me too, doſt think ſhe did not? Well, thy father has reaſon to curſe himſelf, beſide ſome that ſhe and I have.

Ant. Nay, nay, thou'lt fall into paſſion again, when things are paſt recovery, 'twas a good wench, but come, prethee leave to think on her.

Gaſp. Nay, I ha done, what ſhall's do?

Ant. Any thing but talk of State matters: thou haſt much intelligence in the world, prethee whats the news abroad? I come forth a purpoſe to hear ſome, and this is an age of novelties.

Gaſp. News? O excellent news!

Ant. Prethee what iſt? I long to hear ſome.

Gaſp. There is no news at all.

Ant. Call you that excellent news?

Gaſp. Is it not good news, that there is no bad news? the truth is, the news-maker Maſter Money-lack is ſick of a Conſumption of the wit.

Ant. The news-maker? why, is there any news-maker?

Gaſp. Oh ſir, how ſhould younger Brothers have maintained themſelves, that have travelled, and have the names of Countreys, and Captains without book, as perfect as their prayers, I and perfecter too? for I think there is more probability of for-

getting their prayers, they ſay them ſo ſeldom; I tell you ſir, I have known a Gentleman that has ſpent the beſt part of a thouſand pound, while he was Prentice to the Trade in *Holland*, and out of three ſheets of Paper, which was his whole ſtock, a Pen and Ink-horn he borrowed, he ſet up ſhop, and ſpent a hundred pound a year upon his Whore, and found ſheets for them both to lie in too: it has been a great profeſſion; mary moſt commonly they are Souldiers: a Peace concluded, is a great Plague unto 'em, and if the Wars hold, we ſhall have ſtore of them; O, they are men worthy of commendations, they ſpeak in Print.

Ant. Are they Souldiers?

Gaſp. Faith ſo they would be thought, though indeed they are but Mungrels, not worthy of that noble attribute; they are indeed Baſtards, not Sons of War and true Souldiers, whoſe Divine ſouls I honor, yet they may be call'd great ſpirits too, for their valour is inviſible, theſe I ſay will write you a battel in any part of *Europe* at an hours warning, and yet never ſet foot out of a Tavern, deſcribe you Towns, Fortifications, Leaders, the ſtrength o'th enemies, what Confederates, every days march, not a Souldier ſhall loſe a hair, or have a Bullet fly between his Arms, but he ſhall have a Page to wait on him in *quarto*, nothing deſtroys 'em but want of a good Memory, for if they eſcape contradiction, they may be chronicled.

Ant. Why, thou art wiſe enough to be an Informer.

Gaſp. I mary, now you ſpeak of a Trade indeed, the very *Atlas* of a State Politick, the Common-ſhore of a City, nothing falls amiſs unto 'em, and if there be no filth in the Commonwealth, can live by honeſty, and yet be knaves by their priviledge, there is not an oath but they will have money for it!

Ant. Oh brave Trade.

Gaſp. They can eat men alive and digeſt 'em, they have their conſcience in a ſtring, and can ſtifle it at their pleaſure, the Devils journeymen ſet up for themſelves, and keep a damnation houſe of their own; indeed they ſeldom prove Aldermen, yet they are taken for Knights every day a'th week, when they ride poſt, they have the art of inſinuation, and ſpeak Writs familiarly, they are Agents as I have heard for the Devil in their

life

life time, and if they die in their Bed, have this priviledge, to be Sons of Hell by Adoption, and take place of Serjeants.

Enter Infortunio and Selina.

Stay, Who's there? thy ſiſter and *Infortunio*: let's obſerve.

Infor. I muſt have other anſwer, for I muſt love you.

Sil. Muſt? but I do not ſee any neceſſity that I ſhould love you, I do confeſs you are a proper man.

Infor. O do not mock *Selina*, let not excellence
Which you are full of, make you proud and ſcornful,
I am a Gentleman, though my outward part
Cannot attract affection, yet ſome have told me,
Nature hath made me what ſhe need not ſhame,
Yet look into my heart, there you ſhall ſee
What you cannot deſpiſe, for there you are
With all your graces waiting on you, there
Love hath made you a Throne to ſit, and rule
O're *Infortunio*, all my thoughts obeying
And honoring you as Queen, paſs by my out-ſide:
My breſt I dare compare with any man.

Sel. But who can ſee this breſt you boaſt of ſo?

Infor. Oh! 'tis an eaſie work, for though it be
Not to be pierced by the dull eye, whoſe beam
Is ſpent on outward ſhapes, there is a way
To make a ſearch into hidden'ſt paſſage.
I know you would not love to pleaſe your ſenſe:
A Tree that bears a ragged unleav'd top
In depth of Winter, may when Summer comes
Speak by his fruit, he is not dead but youthful,
Though once he ſhew'd no ſap: my heart's a plant
Kept down by colder thoughts, and doubtful fears,
Your frowns like Winter ſtorms make it ſeem dead,
But yet it is not ſo, make it but yours,
And you ſhall ſee it ſpring, and ſhoot forth leaves
Worthy your eye, and the oppreſſed ſap
Aſcend to every part to make it green,
And pay your love with fruit when Harveſt comes.
If my affection be ſuſpected, make

Experience of my loyalty, by ſome ſervice
Though full of danger, you ſhall know me better,
And ſo diſcern the truth of what you ſee not.
Sel. Then you confeſs your love is cold as yet.
And Winter's in your heart.
Infor. Miſtake me not, *Selina*, for I ſay
My heart is cold, not love.
Sel. And yet your love is from your heart Ile warrant.
Infor. Oh you are nimble to miſtake,
My heart is cold in your diſpleaſures only,
And yet my love is fervent, for your eye
Caſting out beams, maintains the flame it burns in.
Again, ſweet Love,
My heart is not mine own, 'tis yours, you have it,
And while it naked lies, not dain'd your boſome
To keep it warm, how can it be but cold,
In danger to be frozen? blame not it,
You only are in fault it hath no heat.
Sel. Well ſir, I know you have Rhetorick, but I
Can without art give you a final anſwer.
Infor. Oh ſtay, and think a while, I cannot reliſh
You ſhould ſay final: Sweet, deliberate,
It doth concern all the eſtate I have,
I mean not dunghil treaſure, but my life
Doth ſtand or fall to it; if your anſwer be
That you can love me, be it ſwift as lightning,
But if you mean to kill me, and reject
My ſo long love-devotions, which I have pay'd
As to an Altar, ſtay a little longer,
And let me count the riches I ſhall loſe,
By one poor aery word, firſt give me back
That part of *Infortunio* that is loſt
Within your love, play not the Tyrant with me.
Sel. Y'are over-weak to let your paſſions ſway you:
If I knew any thing I had of yours,
I would not do you that injuſtice, ſir,
To let it ſtay with me, and for your love
I cannot pay it back again with mine,

Either

Either releaſe the debt, or I ſhall die in't,
Your ſuit is fruitleſs, hopleſs, pardon me, farewell.

Ant. Now by all my hopes you are too blame, ſiſter, come, this Gentleman deſerves your love, *Infortunio.*

Sel. Brother, you forget your ſelf.

Ant. Why, I do remember I am your Brother, I ſay you muſt love him. *Sel.* Muſt?

Ant. What, does that move your ſpirit? what are you, but you may love? be not petulant, y'are a baggage and not worthy of a man, heaven I now could kick her. *Exit.*

Gaſp. Thy t'other ſiſter was of a calmer temper, this a true Woman.

Infor. Sir, had not nature made you Brother to her, I ſhould be angry. *Exit.*

Ant. Alas poor Gentleman, I do not feel my ſelf in ſuch an humor for *Hilaria*, and yet by this hand I love her well enough, and now I think on't, I promis'd her my company, ſhe has a damnable uſurious ſtinking wretch to her Father, that cannot abide me, but 'tis no matter, this wench and I may finde a place to meet in, in ſpight of his eyes and ſpectacles. How now *Gorgon*, what ſays ſhe?

Enter Gorgon.

Gorg. Sir, I have done your remembrances to Miſtriſs *Hilaria*, and told her you ſhould finde her coming by and by, but you were beſt paſs in ſome obſcurity, for her Father *Rufaldo* is hard by ſir. *Lupus in Fabula.* *Enter Rufaldo.*

Ant. *Gaſparo*, and thou love me, ſhew thy wit to entertain this piece of black Dammaske and Velvet guards, while I go in to *Hilaria.* *Exit.*

Ruf. Old men are the trueſt lovers, young men are inconſtant and wag with every winde, we never move, but are as true as ſteel.

Gor. But in Womens matters as weak as water, as weak as water.

Ruf. Beſides, ſweet Love, but do I court a ſhadow? to ſee whither love will carry a man: let me ſee, I could finde in my heart to beſtow a ring upon my Sweet-heart, but that I am loath to part with it: hem, I will get but one childe, and that ſhall be a boy, leſt having too many Children, I undo my heir, and my goods be divided.

divided. O ſweet *Selina*, O amiable *Selina*; ſure I am not old.

Gor. I have it, Signior *Gaſparo*, pray let me begin with my Merchant if you love me; and if you like it, ſecond me.

Gaſp. Go to *Gorgon*, let's ſee thy wit now.

Ruf. Old men walk with a ſtaff, and creep along the ſtreet, hold their heads below their girdle, faulter in their ſpeech, foam at mouth, and breathe ten times in a furlong, and are ready to ſpit their lungs on every mans threſhold.

Gorg. God ſave you ſir.

Ruf. Godamercy honeſt *Gorgon*.

Gorg. I cry you mercy ſir, Ile aſſure you ſir, I took you for Maſter *Rufaldo* the old Merchant.

Ruf. Why, and am not I? is not the fellow drunk? I am *Rufaldo*.

Gorg. It may be ſome kin to him, but not that *Rufaldo* I mean, you are younger a fair deal.

Ruf. I am that *Rufaldo*, the Merchant, that buried my wife lately, and have one daughter *Hilaria*, ancient acquaintance with *Cornelio* and your Maſter *Antonio*.

Gorg. Oh ſir, you muſt excuſe me for that.

Ruf. Is thy name *Gorgon*?

Gorg. What elſe ſir, honeſt *Gorgon* I?

Ruf. Do I know thee to be *Gorgon*? what, ſhall I be fac'd out of my ſelf? why thou varlet, who am I, if not *Rufaldo*?

Gorg. Why ſir, 'tis plain, you have no gray hairs in your head, your cheek is ſcarlet, a wanton youthful eye; *Rufaldo* had a head like froſt, his eyes ſunk into his hollows, a rugged brow, a hoary beard, and all his body not worth a drop of blood, a very crazy old meal-mouth'd Gentleman, you are younger at leaſt by thirty years. *Ruf.* Ile aſſure thee I was *Rufaldo*, when I roſe in the morning.

Gorg. You have not ſlept ſince, have you?

Ruf. No.

Gorg. 'Tis more ſtrange! I have heard of ſome that have been changed in a dream, but never waking before: this is ſtrange, nay, admirable!

Ruf. Young, chang'd, art ſure thou doſt not mock?

Gorg. I were a very knave then, if you be *Rufaldo*, I hope your Worſhip knows I have been bound to my good behavior.

Ruf.

Ruf. Altered young, ha! I would I were; and yet me thinks I am livelier than I was, I feel my Joynts plyable as wax, and my voice is ſtronger too. But tell me, honeſt *Gorgon*, is it poſſible for an old man to be young again?

Gorg. Nay, I ſee you'l not believe me: well ſir, I will be bold to report the wonder abroad, and aſtoniſh all your friends.

Ruf. Nay, ſtay honeſt *Gorgon*, ha! young, no gray hairs? ſtay, who's here? *Exit Gorgon.*

Gaſp. Ha! 'tis not he, Ile ſpeak to him, no 'tis in vain, Ile ſee if he knows me. *He paſſes by.*

Ruf. *Gaſparo!* what, does not he know me too?

Gaſp. Sir, I ſhould know you, are you not Signior *Petrucchio*, the Dancing Maſter?

Ruf. Tricks, paſſages, I am *Rufaldo*, I am *Rufaldo.*

Gaſp. *Rufaldo* indeed is old, but you are young, you do retain his countenance, I would ſwear you were he, but you are younger far.

Ruf. 'Tis ſo, I am chang'd, I am younger then I was, I am that *Rufaldo*, believe, I know you to be a learned Gentleman, nam'd *Gaſparo*, I was told afore I was altered; but not to trouble you with many queſtions, onely one, *Gaſparo*, is it a thing poſſible for an old man to be young again? I know 'tis admirable, but is it poſſible? you are a Scholar.

Gaſp. Poſſible? oh yes, there's no queſtion, for we ſee by experience, Staggs caſt their old horns, and prove vigorous, Snakes caſt off their old coats, Eagles renew their age, your Plants do it familiarly; the Phœnix when ſhe is old, burns her ſelf to aſhes, from thence revives a young Phœnix again. Poſſible? I have heard ſome old men have been twice children ſir, —— therefore 'tis not impoſſible.

Ruf. Tis very ſtrange: I am not yet confident.

Gaſp. There be receits in Phyſick, ſir, to keep them young, ſaving that time runs on a little beforehand with 'em: yes, and to make young, ſince it is harder to make alive when they are dead, then to make young when they are alive, and Phyſick doth revive ſome out of all queſtion, though not ſo familiarly as kill, for that they do with a little ſtudy; marry I think, if it were as gainful to the Phyſician to reſtore as to deſtroy, he would practice the Art of Recovery very faithfully.

Ruf.

Ruf. Why, do you think it would not prove as gainful?

Gaſp. Oh! by no means, for where an old man would give a hundred pound, to have forty or fifty years wiped off the old ſcore of his life, his wife or next heir would joyn rather than fail, to out-bid him half on't, to put him out of debt quite, and to ſend his old leaking veſſel into *mare mortuum*.

Ruf. Well, well, but if I be young, I have took no Phyſick for't.

Gaſp. If, nay 'tis paſt if, and, too, you are certainly reſtor'd, let me ſee, you look like one of four, or ſix and thirty, not a minute above, and ſo much a man may take you for.

Ruf. Well, I know not what to ſay too't, there is ſome power in love has bleſt me: now *Selina*, be thou gracious.

Gaſp. Are you in love? nay, the wonder is not ſo great; who can expreſs the power of Love? I have read of a Painter named *Pigmalion*, that made the Picture of a woman ſo to the life, that he fell in love with it, courted it, lay in bed with it, and by power of Love, it became a ſoft-natur'd wench indeed, and he begot I know not how many children of her. Well ſir, *Selina* cannot chuſe but be mad for you.

Ruf. Not mad, *Gaſparo*, I would be loth to be troubled with her and ſhe be mad.

Gaſp. Yes, and ſhe be mad in love, there is no harm in't, ſhe cannot be too mad in love, your *Cornucopia* may be abated at pleaſure, beſides ſir, the beſt moral men ſay, Love it ſelf is a madneſs, and the madder your wife is, the more ſure you may be ſhe loves you.

Ruf. No, no, I love no madneſs on any condition, for fear of being horn-mad.

Gaſp. Why ſir, madneſs is not ſuch a diſcredit, as the age goes: you know there are many mad faſhions, and what man but ſome times may be mad? are not your great men mad, that when they have enough, will pawn their ſoul for a Monopolie? beſides mad Lords, what do you think of Ladies at ſome time of the Moon, you may ſpell 'em in their names, Madam? you have mad Courtiers, that run madding after Citizens Wives: the Citizens are mad too, to truſt 'em with their wares, who have been ſo deep in their wives books before: your Juſtice of Peace is ſome times mad too, for when he may ſee well enough, he will ſuffer any man

to

to put out his eye with a bribe: ſome Lawyers are often ſtark-mad, and talk wildly, no man is able to endure their Tearms.

Ruf. Prethee mad-cap leave, I am almoſt mad to hear thee.

Gaſp. Well, my old young *Rufaldo*, if you marry *Selina*, I ſhall have a pair of Gloves, I hope, and youl let me dance at your wedding. *Ruf.* That thou ſhalt, boy, and Ile dance my ſelf too, hey, *Exit leaping.*

Gaſp. Farewell credulity; ha, ha, with what a greedineſs do men run out of their wits? 'Twas a good recreation to ſee with what pleaſure he ſuffered himſelf to be guld: faith *Gaſparo*, play out thy hand, now thou art in: me thinks I have an excellent appetite to make my ſelf merry with the ſimplicity of this age: let me ſee, 'tis Spring, and I mean to give my head a purgation, it may beat off the remembrance of my loſt Love *Felice*: a pox of Melancholy, I will act two or three parts if I live in ſpight of it, and if I die then *Exit Gaſparo.*

Enetr Gorgon.

Gor. Seignior *Gaſparo*, my Maſter would ſpeak with you: the project too: I met the Youth ſtrutting like a Gentleman-Uſher, 'twas my invention.

Gaſp. But I gave it polliſh, *Gorgon.*

Gor. I confeſs, you took off the rough-caſt, but 'twas *Gorgons* head brought forth the project, from my *Joves* brain came this *Minerva.*

Gaſp. I think thou art a wit.

Gor. Who, I a wit? I thought you had more wit, then to make ſuch a queſtion, all the Town takes me for a wit, here's a pate hath crackers in't and flaſhes.

Gaſp. And thou ſaiſt the word, weel joyn in a project of wit, to make an Aſs of the world a little, it ſhall make us merry, if it take no other ways, wo't joyn?

Gor. By this hand, any project of wit, what iſt, good *Gaſparo?* The project. *Gaſp.* Canſt be cloſe?

Gor. As mid-night to a Bawd, or a pair of Truſſes to an Iriſh mans buttocks.

Gaſp. Go to, thou ſhalt now then excuſe me to thy Maſter, I will preſently furniſh my ſelf with new lodgings, and expect to hear from me ſhortly my brave Delphick, I have it in Embrio, and I ſhall ſoon be delivered.

Gorg. If I fail, call me Spider-catcher. *Exit.*

Gasp. Mum, not a word, if all hit right, we may laugh all our melancholy thoughts away.

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Bubulcus.

Bub. If I were a Woman, now could I fall in love with my self: every body tells me I am the propereſt Gentleman in the Town, and I put it up, for the truth is, I dare not give any one the lie, a pox a fighting, I can look as big as another, but ſhall I be ſuch an Aſs, to venture my ſelf with beaſts? for they ſay, your Swords moſt commonly are Foxes, and have notable mettal in 'em; let me ſee, I am now at *Rufaldo*'s my Father-in-law that muſt be, here he is.

Enter Rufaldo apparelled youthfully.

Maſter *Rufaldo*, if you had been my own Father, as you are but like to be my Father-in-law, I ſhould have prov'd my ſelf a fool, by this hand I ſhould not have known you, why, how briſk and neat, and youthful he is!

Ruf. I am ſomething altered I confeſs, ſince I ſaw you.

Bub. By this fleſh that ſhines, a man would not take you to be above five or ſix and thirty at moſt, how came this?

Ruf. Juſt as *Gaſparo* told me, 'tis apparent, nay, nay, ſome, forbear to be inquiſitive, *I* confeſs *I* am abated of my age, the power of Love, and ſo forth, but *I* ſee your fire of love is not out too.

Bub. No, mine was but raked up in the embers.

Ruf. Why, this Love does make us all ingenious too: come ſit down, ſaving your tail ſir, a Cuſhion, we may diſcourſe with the more eaſe.

Bub. Pray, how does my Sweet-heart Miſtreſs *Hillaria*.

Ruf. She is very well, ha Son, *I* am in love too: Son I call you, *I* hope you will get my Daughters good-will, but you'l finde her peeviſh.

Bub. No matter, ſir, for that, *I* would not have her eaſily, *I* would ſweat for her, *I*'le warrant, make her love me.

Ruf. Look you can you read, *I* made a ditty to ſend to my Miſtreſs, and my Muſician that *I* keep in my houſe, to teach my Daughter, hath ſet it to a very good aire, he tels me: you ſhall hear and judge of it, *I* hear him tuning his Inſtrument.

A Song.

God of War to Cupid *yield*,
He is Maſter of the field,
He with Arrow hits the heart,
Thou with Lance the worſer part.

Cupid *greater is then* Jove,
Since he wounded was with love,
Nay, in power by much ods
He excels the other gods.

Love transform'd Jove *to a Swan*,
Made Ulyſſes *a mad-man*,
But Rufaldo *it does make*
Young for his Selinas *ſake.*

Ruf. How do you reliſh it, ha?

Bub. *I* troth the Ditty is as pretty an aier as ere *I* ſaw, 'tis divided into three Regions too, *I* warrant you, can make Ballads eaſily

Ruf. Oh fie, they are barbarous and ignoble, that's beggarly.

Bub. But for all that, *I* have read good ſtuff ſometimes, eſpecially in your fighting Ballads, *When Cannons are roaring, and Bullets are flying, &c.*

Ruf. Fie, whipping poſt, tinkerly ſtuff; how did you like the aire?

Bub. As ſweet an aire as a man would wiſh to live in, but 'tis ſomewhat backward. *Ruf.* Oh Muſick, the life of the ſoul.

Bub. *I* ſhould have learn'd Muſick once too, but my Maſter had ſo many Crotchets, *I* could ne'r away with it: but where is your Daughter, ſir? there is no Muſick without her, ſhe is the beſt Inſtrument to play upon.

Ruf. And you ſhall have her between your legs preſently.

Bub. *I* had as lieſe be betwixt hers, for all that.

Ruf. *Hilaria*, where is this Girl? *I'*le fetch her to you, and leave her with you, for *I* have a Love of mine own, to whom *I* mean in perſon to preſent this Ditty, *I'*le fetch her. *Exit.*

Enter Rufaldo, Hilaria, Antonio aloof.

Ruf. Still *Antonio* with you? you are a fooliſh Girl: do *I* take care to provide a Husband for you? and will you caſt away your ſelf upon a Prodigal? but that *I* would not diſcontent his ſiſter, whom *I* hope to make my Wife, *I* would forbid him my houſe; therefore be wiſe, and take heed of him, he's giddy-headed, and

looſe-bodied. The Bee may buzze, but he will leave a ſting: plant your love there: upon my bleſſing, he has many Lordſhips.

Hil. Pray heaven he have good manners.

Ruf. I have ſet open the gate of opportunity; *Cupid* ſpeed us both. *Exit.*

Bub. Let me alone to enter my man, now the point is open: hum, ſtay, there's a man in her Tables more than I looked for: 'ſfoot, he kiſſes her, Ile call *Rufaldo* back, he's out of ſight, it were but a cowardly trick, for men to run away.

Ant. Be Buzzard now, the ſting of conſcience eat up his gut, fry his ſuet, and leave him at his death not able to weigh down a pound of Candle.

Bub. He talks of ſuet, I do melt already.

Hil. Look, do you ſee that man of cloths? upon my Fathers bleſſing he muſt be my Husband. What will you do?

Ant. Fight with him, his cloths are too big for him, Ile beat him till he ſwell to 'em.

Hil. No, as you love me, do not ſtrike him.

Bub. I will ſet a good face whatſoever come. *Hilaria*, how does my Love, come kiſs: why ſo: this comes of valor, we fall to, and he falls off, he's ſome coward, I hope, and how doſt *Hilaria*? 'tis an age ſince I ſaw thee: what Springals is that? ha.

Hil. One that deſires to be of your acquaintance, ſir.

Bub. My acquaintance, who is he? none but Knights, and Knights fellows, are of my acquaintance, I ſcorn Gentlemen.

Hil. But for my ſake pray be acquainted with him.

Bub. Thou ſhalt do much with me: ſir, I am content for her ſake whom I love, to be acquainted with you, wo't borrow any money? for ſo do all that begin their acquaintance with me, 'tis the faſhion, he is a coward, is he not? here: nay, and you ſcorn my money, I ſcorn your acquaintance.

Hil. Pray for my ſake. *Bub.* Why, he will borrow no money of me, I had never ſuch a trick put upon me, ſince I knew what acquaintance was: I'm ſure there have been forty acquainted with me, ſince I came to Town, and not one had ſo little breeding, to let me ask 'em the queſtion, we could no ſooner ſhake hands, but the other was in my pocket: It may be 'tis his modeſty. Sir, this is my Love *Hilaria*, and if you will not borrow money of me, by this hand, there lies my ſword, he is a coward.

Hil. It appears.

Bub.

Bub. *Hilaria* is my Miſtreſs, and if any man dare be ſo venturous, as to blaſt her Reputation with a foul breath, he ſhall breathe his laſt.

Hil. 'Tis very ſure, he ſhall not be immortal.

Bub. Or if you ſhall offer in my preſence to defile her lip, or touch her hand, or kiſs but the nether part of her veſture, you had better kiſs her in another place; nay do but blow on her.

Hil. You forget your ſelf, this is my friend.

Bub. Or wink at her, or ſpeak to her, or make ſigns, or think on her to my face, and you had better keep your thoughts to your ſelf: now to conclude, and if you be agriev'd, my name is *Bubulcus*, and you lie.

Ant. And you lie there a'th ground: why ſhould not I knock his brains out with his own hilts, or ſtake him to the ground, like a man that had hang'd himſelf? Sirra clothes, Rat of *Nilus* fiction, Monſter, golden Calf, oh, I would kick thee till thou haſt no more brains, than thy couſin Woodcock: I will not diſhonor my ſelf to kill thee, half a dozen kicks will be as good as a houſe of correction, out you Monkey. *kick's him.*

Bub. Oh, that I could run thee thorow body and ſoul, I will challenge thee, a pox on your toes, would I had the paring of your nails, were you dumb ſo long for this? *Ant.* Hence.

Bub. Who lookt for you? when will you be here agen? look for a challenge, the time may come, when I will beat thee. *Exit.*

Ant. Has thy father left a multitude of men, to make choice of this piece of folly to be thy husband? oh, the blindneſs of a covetous wretched father, that is led only by the ears, and in love with ſounds! Nature had done well to have thruſt him into the world without an eye, that like a Mole is ſo affected to baſe earth, and there means to dig for Paradiſe: but come, *Hilaria*.

Fathers their children, and themſelves abuſe,
That wealth a husband for their Daughter chuſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo, and Selina.

Cor. I did not think, *Rufaldo*, pardon me, you could have ſo prevail'd, but if ſhe can plant her affection on ye, Ile not be backward to call you Son.

Sel. He does appear with all the Charms of Love upon his eye, and not rough drawn, but poliſht, he aſſumes a power 'bove all reſiſtance.

Cor.

Cor. An old mans Darling, is a petty Queen above all her deſires. *Ruf.* Nay, ſhe ſhall want nothing my wealth can purchaſe. O my ſweet *Selina*. *Cor. Rufaldo*, with your patience, I would have a word or two in private, you need not prejudicate me.

Ruf. With all my heart. *Cor. Selina*, thou knoweſt I am thy father. *Sel.* My duty, ſir, ſhall ſpeak it.

Cor. And you know whom you have rejected.

Sel. Young *Infortunio*. *Cor.* And you know what man he is, with whom you mean to tye that knot, nothing but Death is able to undo. *Sel. Rufaldo*, ſir, an old man.

Cor. Oh *Selina*, *Felice* thy poor ſiſter thou recall'ſt to ſad remembrance, but heaven alas knows onely where ſhe is.

Sel. Sir, I have often heard you talk of her, but never knew that ſiſter well.

Cor. Thou with thy Uncles tenderneſs waſt kept alwayes ith Countrey, not until her loſs at home with me, her fate taught me to give a liberty to thee; her I reſtrained poor Wench in love with *Gaſpero*, till betwixt obedience to a father, and the love to him, ſhe left us both, father and friend: Now to avoid the like affliction, I vowed thy freedom, and thou ſeeſt *I* do not encounter thy affection with the bonds a father might enforce upon his childe. *Sel. I* humbly thank you.

Cor. But yet *Selina*, take heed, be not too raſh, *I* have obſerv'd you want no common judgement, O do not precipitate thy ſelf into a ſorrow, ſhall waſte thee with repentance, let me tell you, there is a method, when your paſſion's young to keep it in obedience: you love *Rufaldo*, Art thou not young? How will the Roſe agree with a dead Hyacinth? or the Honey Wood-binde, circling a withered Bryer? You can apply, can you ſubmit your body to bed with *Ice* and Snow, your blood to mingle? Would you be deaf'd with Coughing, teach your eye how to be rheumatick? Breathes he not out his Body in diſeaſes, and like duſt falling all into pieces, as if Nature would make him his old grave: *I* ſay too much. O what are all the riches of the world to an oppreſſed minde? which then muſt be fed with deſpair of change, or will Gold buy off th'imprifonment? Nay, will it not compoſe the chains, that binde you to endure it? Well, I have ſaid enough, keep ſtill your freedom,

And looſe it where you will, you ſhall not blame
Me for your fate, nor grieve me with your ſhame.

Sel.

Sel. Dear father, low as earth I tender you the duty of a Daughter, I have heard you not with a careleſs ear, that liberty you have beſtow'd on me, for which I ow all that I am, doth make me confident you will not be offended, if I tell you my love is vertuous, were it otherwiſe, I ſhould elect as you premoniſh youth, and prodigal bloud: And Father, I think here I ſhew my ſelf your Daughter, nor am I without good preſident too: how many fine Young noble Ladies, in this Faiery Ile have matcht with reverend age? and live as they were born from Natures purity, free from ſtain of ſenſual imputation, by their Loves, deriving heavenly honors to themſelves 'bove merit of equality.

Cor. No more, heavens bleſſing and mine light on thee, ſha't have *Rufaldo*. *Sel.* I would not leave *Rufaldo* for a world of raſh untemperate youth, believe it ſir.

Cor. Rufaldo, heard you that? ſhe ſays ſhe would no leave you for a world of other men. *Ruf.* Nor I for a thouſand worlds forſake my Love. Come ſeal it with a kiſs, another, another, another. *Cor.* As cloſe as Cockles. *Ruf.* Oh, that we were married! 'tis death to ſtay the Ceremonies, would we were a bed together. *Cor.* 'Twere time I ſee we were at conference, to confirm all things for the Marriage, you being agreed, I think we ſhall not differ in other circumſtance, and 'twere ſin to let that keep your joys aſunder by delay: Pleaſe you we'l have ſome treaties.

Ruf. Moſt willingly, O my Bird, my Chick, my Dove, my *America*, my new-found world, I ſhall ſhortly run back into one and twenty again. *Exeunt Cornelio and Rufaldo.*

Sel. With what agility he moves himſelf, as he were made of air? let weakneſs tax our inequality, I have a minde can eaſily contemn what the worlds malice out of its own firſt guiltineſs can throw upon our loves, 't ſhall be enough for me thus to convince the world of ſo much baſeneſs, lodg'd in luxrious thoughts, by my chaſte thoughts. *Rufaldo*, thou art mine, all time me thinks is ſlow, till we be actually poſſeſt of mutual enjoying. Stay, who's this? *Enter Jenkin, and his Page Jocarello.*
The Welſhman that delivers his affection at ſecond hand to me.

Jen. Look you Pages, where our Sweet-hearts and Pigs-nies be, and her could tell what to ſay to her now, know her heart very well, but pogs upon her, cannot aule her knowledge ſpeak Rhetoricks, and Oratories, and fine words to her? look you kanow better to fight, and cut doublets with her Welſh glaves, mark you.

Joc.

Joc. Sir, will you looſe this opportunity, youl curſe your ſelf in Welſh, two or three days together for't.

Jen. Sentilwoman, if her knaw not her name, was *Jenken*, born in *Wales*, came of pig houſes, and prittiſh blouds, was have great hils and mountains aule her own, when was get 'em again, any way her couſins, and our Countryman was never conquered, but always have the victories pravely, have her Arms and Scuſh-rins, to know that ſay you, was give in her creſts great deal of of Monſters, and Dragons, kill 'em with their hooks very valiantly, as any Sentelman in the whole world: pray you now was pleaſe you place her affections and good-wils upon her, in ways of make-money, mark you teal plainly, *Jenkin* was love her very honeſtly, elſe pox upon her, and her will fight in her cauſe, and quarrels, long as have any plood in her bellies and backs too, mark you. *Sel.* Sir, I am bound to you for the affection you caſt on me, 'tis far above my merit. *Jen.* Merits ſay you? aw te merits are awl baniſhed our Countrys and Nations, you know dat: pray you was her love *Jenkin?* *Sel.* Love you, ſir? I know not how to be ſo inhumane, not to love you, your parts deſerve a nobler object, I am not worthy ſo much opinion of your love, but wherein *I* may do you ſervice ſir, you ſhall command *Selina*.

Exit Selina.

Jen. Shall her, was make her means and ſatisfactions warrant her, or ſay *Senkin* was Sentleman of *Wales*, ſay you now Pages, was have her Matrimonies and Wedlocks very faſt, look you, and when was get her awſe her couſins, was make joys and gratulation for her good fortunes upon her walſh Harpes, know you dat very well Pages? her fear her ſhall be Knighted one days, and have great cumulations of urſhips, honors, and dignities too, a great while ago. *Joc.* And great Caſtles ith' air.

Jen. Was give awl our lands, and craggy Tenements in *Wales* away to our couſin up *John*, and live her ſelf here upon very good faſhions, with our monies and mighty riches, when her can get 'em,

Enter Infortunio.

Infor. How now, whither ſo faſt, man? thou maiſt get to hell by night, and thou goeſt but an Aldermans pace.

Jen. By Cats-ploud, her will go to the Devil and her liſt, what is that to her? *Infor.* Cry you mercy, your name is Mr. *Jenkin*.

Jen. And what have her to ſay to Mr. *Jenkin?* *Jenkin* is as good names as her own, pray you was good Sentleman as her ſelf,

ſelf, know very well, ſay you now? *Inf.* Godboy, ſir.

Jen. Boyes, does her call her boys? hark you her? her name is *Jenkin*, her be no boys, no ſhildren.

Infor. I will not be uſed ſo.

Jen. Her ſhall be us'd worſe, and her call *Jenkin* boys, was knock as tall a man as herſelf, an Welſh plood be up, look you.

Infor. Can ſhe love *Rufaldo*? 'tis impoſſible.

Jen. Piple pables, 'tis very poſſible. *Infor.* His body has more diſeaſes then an Hoſpital, an hunger-ſtarv'd Raſcal.

Jen. Raskals? ſheſhu! was never ſuch name and appellations put upon her, awl her days. Becar her will make you eat up awl her words and ignominies, or her plade ſhall make holes in your bellies diggon.

Infor. A very puff, a weak Cannibal.

Jen. Hey, puff, and Cannibals, if the Devil be in your mouths, her will pick your teeths with her welſh plade, and pay you for all your puffs, and Cannibals, warrant her.

Inf. But 'tis her fault, alone impudent Woman. Oh, may you like *Narciſſus* periſh by your face, the fall of others, or unpityed of heaven and earth, die loathſome! I could curſe. *Jen.* Her can curſe, and ſwear too, look you now. *Inf.* Pardon divineſt ſex, paſſions do force my reaſon from me, I do ſubmit, crave pardon, as your creature.

Jen. Nay, and her crave pardons, and make ſubmiſſions, *Jenkin* was put up awl her angers and indignations, farewel.

Exit cum Jocarello.

Inf. Oh, *Selina*! thou art too much an Adamant to draw my ſoul unto thee, either be ſofter, or leſs attractive: but *Rufaldo*, 'tis depth of witchcraft, oh, I could be mad, beyond all patience mad, it is ſome malice hath laid this poyſon on her.

Enter Gorgon with a Letter.

Gor. Here's *Infortunio*. Alas, poor Gentleman, little does he think what black and white is here, a bitter handful of commendations to him, my young Miſtriſs is mad of the old Cocks-combe, and will marry him almoſt without asking, I cannot tell, but if ſhe do not Cuckold him, and make him cry corns on his toes ere he die, he has fools fortune, for a wiſe man would be out of hope to avoid it, he ſpies me. *Inf.* Whither running, *Gorgon*?

Gor. Not out of my wit, Sir, I have a Letter from my young Miſtriſs *Selina*, muſt in all haſte have cleanly conveyance to old *Rufaldo*.

Infor. Let me but ſee the directions. To my beloved friend Maſter *Rufaldo*: 'tis a lie, ſhe was miſtaken, it was *I* ſhould owe this appellation, *I*le not believe the ſuperſcription, 'tis a painted face, *I*'de ſee the heart on't.

Gorg. I hope, ſir, you will not throw open the ſheet, and diſcover my Miſtriſs ſecrets? How he ſtares!

Infor. If you love me, and wiſh me conſtant, be your own friend, and let our marriage day begin with the next morning: thine, mine. Oh *Selina*, ſhe's mad. All womankind is mad; and *I* am mad: whom ſhall *I* rend in pieces for my wrongs, and as with Atoms fill this poyſoned air, *Rufaldo?* Stay, is not ſhe a creature rational? oh no, there is no ſpark of nature in her, all is ſunk, loſt for ever: ſtay, ſtay, ſee.

Gorg. He has made a Taylors bill on't, torn't apieces ere it be diſcharg'd: What ſhall *I* do?

Inf. This is *Medias* brother torn in pieces, and this the way where ſhe with *Jaſon* flies, *Tom Colchos*, come not near 'em, ſee, look, that's an arm rent off. *Gorg.* This?

Inf. And the hand beckens us to cry out murder.

Gorg. Ile but hold it by the hand. *Inf.* That's a leg o'th boy.

Gorg. This ſir, a leg, it ſhall go with me then.

Inf. There, there 'tis, head and yellow curled locks, his eyes are full of tears, now they do ſtare, to ſee where all his other members lie. *Gorg.* So I have all his quarters, *Ile* preſently, ſir, get poles for 'em, and hang 'em upon the Gates in their poſtures for you. *Exit.*

Inf. But ſhe and *Jaſon* are both ſlipt, and *Argot* is ſailing home to *Greece*, ſee how the waves do toſs the Veſſel, and the winds conſpire to daſh it 'gainſt a Rock, it rides upon a watery mountain, and is hid in clouds, it cannot ſtay there, now, now, it tumbles, three fathom beneath Hell, let 'em go, here comes the Father of *Medea* now, calling in vain unto the gods, and ſpies his Sons limbs thrown about, in ſtead of flowers, to his Daughters nuptials, he does take 'em up, he knows the face, and now he tears his hair, and raves, and cries *Medea*, poor old man, command a Funeral pile for thy young Child, and lay the pretty limbs on, from whoſe aſhes ſhalt have another Son i'th' ſhape of *Phœnix*. Shall *I*? excellent! Prepare a fire all of ſweet wood for my ſweet boy, a fire, a fire. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Rufaldo.

Ruf. 'Tis now early day: fie, what a long night hath this been? the Sun went drunk to bed the laſt night, and could not ſee to riſe this morning: *I* could hardly wink, I am ſure, love kept me waking, and the expectation of this my wedding day did ſo caper in my brains, I thought of nothing but dancing the ſhaking of the ſheets with my ſweet-heart. It is certain, *I* am young every body now tells me, ſo it did appear by *Selina*'s conſenting ſo ſoon to love, for when *I* had but broke the Ice of my affection, ſhe fell over head and ears in love with me; was ever man ſo happy as I am? I do feel, I do feel my years fall off, as the rain from a man that comes dropping in, I do feel my ſelf every day grow younger and younger: ſtill let me ſee, an hundred years hence, if I live to't, I ſhall be new out of my teens, and running into years of diſcretion agen: Well, *I* will now to Maſter *Cornelios*, and bid 'em good morrow with a noiſe of Muſicians, and to ſee the very talking of muſick, how my heart leaps and dances, at my wedding already! *I* have beſpoke the Parſon to marry us, and have promiſed a double fee for expedition. O now I am ſo prond of my Joy, my feet do not know what ground they ſtand on. *Exit.*

Enter Jenkin *and* Jocarello.

Jen. Jenkin has riſen very early this morning, and been in ſtudies and contemplations, to make Ditties and Verſes upon her Miſtriſs beauties and pulchritudes, but the Devil's ſure in theſe Poetries, they call it Furies and Raptures, look you, but *Jenkins* pate is almoſt mad, and yet her cannot awl her inventions meet with theſe Furies and Raptures.

Enter Selina *in Shepheards weeds.*

Sel. Thus far *I* have paſt without diſcovery: the morning is auſpicious to my flight. *Selina*, what an alteration hath a day made in thee, that to prevent thy ſo deſired marriage, thou art thus loſt in a maſculine habit, and doſt fly him? thou didſt ſo much love aged *Rufaldo*, in what a Lethargy wert thou faln, *Selina?*

Jen. Jocarello, does her not name *Selina?* 'tis no very good manners to make interruptions, her will hear more, look you.

Sel. Whither had reaſon ſo withdrawn it ſelf? I could not

Make diſtinction of a man,
From ſuch a heap of age, aches and rheum:
Sure I was mad, and doth encreaſe my fury,
To think with what a violence I ran
To imbrace ſuch rottenneſs. O, my guilty ſoul
Doth feel the puniſhment of the injury
I did to *Infortunio* of late,
Of whom as I deſpair, ſo ſhall the world,
Ever to know again hapleſs *Selina*.
This is the morn the ſacred Rites ſhould tie
Me to *Rufaldo*, ripe in expectation,
But like *Ixion* he ſhall graſp a Cloud,
My empty clothes at home, *Selina* thus
Is turn'd a Shepheard, and will try her fortune;
Hard by the Shepheards have their ſhady dwellings,
There let *Selina* end her hapleſs days,
Father and all farewel. Thus as *Felice*
My other Siſter, Ile wear out my life,
Far from your knowledge: ſacred love commands
Revenge and juſtice for my cruelty,
And reaſon now awak'd ſhall lead me to it,
Thus I am ſafe, I go to finde out that,
Will meet me every where, a juſt ſad fate. *Exit.*

Jen. Pages, have her ſeen treams and apparitions: hark you, was *Selina* turn'd Shepheardeſs, pray you?

Joc. Either we dream, or this was *Selina*, your Miſtriſs, that is turn'd into Breeches, and become a Shepheard; the caſe is altered.

Jen. What a tevil is in the matters and buſineſſes, pray you? caſes never was known ſuch caſes and alterations in awl her life, womans never wear preeches in *Wales*, 'tis not poſſible, we are awl in treams and viſions, very treams and viſions.

Joc. Sure we are awl awak'd, ſir, and it was *Selina*, did ſhe not ſay ſhe would obſcure her ſelf from her Fathers knowledge, and live among the Shepheards hard by?

Jen. It may be, but it is very impoſſible.

Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo, Antonio, Hilaria.

Cor. I am amaz'd, when was ſhe ſeen?

Ant. Not to day, ſir, I have ſearcht her Chamber, and almoſt turn'd it out ath' window, but no *Selina*.

Ruf.

Ruf. It is very ſtrange, is not your man *Gorgon* come back?

Cor. What ſhould this mean? it is a ſtrange abſence ath' wedding day too. *Ruf.* That angers me moſt, ſir.

Cor. My heart miſgives me, ſome fatal accident upon my life, is hapned to her.

Enter a Servant.

Ruf. Haſt thou happy news?

Ser. I have travelled all the Town o're, and can meet no intelligence of her.

Cor. Be dumb, night-Raven, ſhe's loſt, ſhe's loſt,
The Fates ſure make conſpiracy to take
My Daughters from me: one I loſt becauſe
I would not give her, and *I* have repented
Full juſtice for it, and am I ſo unhappy
To loſe *Selina* too? but Ile not ſleep,
Untill I finde her either alive or dead.
Rufaldo, you have intereſt in this ſorrow,
Joyn in the inquiſition. Oh my Girl *Selina*. *Exit.*

Ruf. Have I been young for this? if I finde her not, I will run, I will run, I will run mad, mad. *Exit.*

Ant. No more, I know where her clothes be: if it take, applaud my invention: I have couzened my own Father before now, and I will try new concluſions, but I muſt have thy aſſiſtance and ſecreſie: if my Siſter have a conceit of mirth to put upon us, I may chance put her to prove her ſelf *Selina*, or remove her with a *Habeas corpus*. *Exeunt Antonio, Hilaria.*

Jen. *Jocarello's*, awl is true, *Selina* is gone in Shepheards veſtiments to the Woods and Forreſts, but her will make travels and ambulations after her: never was Sentilman ith' hole world love as *Jenkin* now, to make journeys and peregrinations for a womans, look you: but if her finde her, as know her very well, her will there make awl ſure works and performances, warrant you Pages, here's moneys, pray you make proviſions of breads and victuals too, know uds are very bare places, and *Shenkin* was always have cud ſtomacks and appetites, look you, pray you, do, pray you, do. *Exeunt.*

COMPLEMENT-SCHOOL.

Enter Gaſparo habited punctually, Maſter of the School, and Gorgon his Uſher.

Gaſp. Be the hangings up, *Curculio*, and all the Chairs and Stools

Stools put into method? the day is old, me thinks, time runs fast, me thinks, upon the minute, brings my disciples. Do my bills of Complement still relish, *Curculio*, do they please the pallate, ha?

Gorg. My most ingenious and noble Criticoraster, bravely bills, pills you should say, not fac'd, but lin'd, with gold they swallow 'em greedily, and still flock to 'em, and conglomerate my son and heir of the Muses: a proclamation is as quiet as the poor mans box, no man looks after it, not a Ballad-monger has any audience: but happy is the man that rides first poste to your papers, and cries admirable: your old men look upon 'em with their spectacles, as they would eye an Obligation within a minute of forfeiture.

Gasp. Thou hast eaten up the Furies already, and speakest all Buskins, but close walk in the clouds, yet I have not heard of any Mountebank of Wit durst ever attempt to set up shop o'th trade yet: but whist, Usher, take your place.

Enter Bubulcus.

Gorg. 'Sfoot, 'tis *Bubulcus*.

Bub. This is the Complement-School. *He dances.*

Gorg. Three Cuts and a half, hey. I give you, sir, generous salutation, and wish a fair morn descend upon you: thrice Noble Spirit, welcome; does your Worship desire to be sprinkled with the drops of *Hellicon*, to gather the Pippins of *Parnassus*, and have your forehead fillitted with *Apollinean* Bays, or Laurel?

Bub. Troth sir, I do not know how to conster what you say, although I know it be in Latine, sir: the cause of my coming to you, is to let you understand, that here is a Complement-School, and I have great desire to be taught some of your Figaries and brave Words, I do mean to pay for't soundly too, sir: I thank my stars, as they say, I have ready money about me.

Gor. You shall be verberated, and reverberated, my exact piece of stollidity: please you draw near, there is the Star of Eloquence, under whom I am an *Hypodidascal*, in English, his Usher.

Bub. A Gentleman-Usher at least.

Gorg. Approach without fear: here is a Pupil, sir, desires to suck the honey of your Eloquence, he is a Gentleman in *Folio*.

Gasp. Your accession is grateful, my most gentile lump of insipience: what Complement doth arride the pallate of your generosity?

Bub. What says he pray, in English?

Gorg.

Gorg. He asks what kinde of verboſity you would be practis'd in? Becauſe I perceive you are raw, I will deſcend to your capacity: he asks what Complement you would learn?

Bub. Why look you, ſir, I would have two kindes of Complements: for, ſir, I am in love, and I am in hate.

Gaſp. How? in love, and hate too?

Bub. Yes, I am in love with a Wench, and would have a delicate ſpeech for her; and I am in hate with a Gentleman, a young Animal, and I would kill him now without danger of the Law: to tell you true, he did abuſe me in the preſence of my ſweet-heart and did (ſaving this good company) kiſs my backſide.

Gorg. How?

Bub. But it was with his foot, ſir: now in regard I have not the heart to kill him with my ſword, I would cut him in pieces, and murther him with mouth-guns: look you, ſir, here's money, pleaſe your ſelf: but I pray you give me a powdring ſpeech, for I would blow him up: I beſeech you, if ever you put gall into your Ink, make it a bitter ſpeech.

Gaſp. Sir, I will draw you a ſublime ſpeech ſhall conjure him.

Bub. Pray do, for he has a great ſpirit in him.

Gaſp. Uſher, in the mean time entertain him with ſome copy of amorous Complement.

Gorg. There is an Uſhers fee belongs to my place.

Bub. Here's gold for your fee, I received it for good fee-ſimple, I am ſure.

Gorg. Simple, I am ſure: ſo, ſir, look you, I ſhould teach you to make a leg firſt; but theſe poſtures anon.

Reſplendent Miſtriſs, for thy face doth far
Excel all other, like a blazing Star
We mortals wonder at, vouchſafe to caſt
Out of thoſe ſparkling Diamond Eyes thou haſt,
A ſacred Influence on thy vowed creature,
That is confounded with thy form and feature.

Bub. Admirable! *Gorg.* Goddeſs of *Cyprus*.

Bub. Stay, I do not like that word *Cypres*, for ſhee'l think I mean to make Hatbands on her: cannot you call her Taffata Goddeſs? or if you go to Stuff, Cloth of Gold were richer.

Gorg. Oh, there's a conceit, *Cyprus* is the Emblem of mourning, and here by *Cyprus* you declare how much you pine and mourn after her, ſir.

Bub. Very good, pray you go on.

Gorg.

Gorg. Goddeſs of *Cyprus*, *Venus* is a ſlut.

Bub. Stay, who do I call ſlut now? the Goddeſs of *Cyprus*, *Venus*, or my Love?

Gorg. You do tell the Goddeſs that *Venus* is a ſlut.

Bub. I do ſo. *Gorg.* For thou art *Venus* fair, and ſhe is not.

Bub. How is ſhe *Venus* fair, when then I call her ſlut to her face?

Gorg. No, ſir, your Love is *Venus* fair, and ſhe is not:
That makes plain the other, that ſhe is a ſlut.
O that I were a Flea upon thy lip,
There would I ſuck for ever, and not skip.

Bub. Suck?

Gorg. That is, you would not bite her by the lip.
Or if you think I there too high am plac't,
Ile be content to ſuck below thy waſte.

Bub. Which ſide ſhe pleaſe.

Gorg. Thy foot I'de willing kiſs, but that I know,
Thou wouldſt not have thy ſervant ſtoop ſo low.
She will give you leave to kiſs higher.
Oh ſpeak thou, wilt be mine? and I will be
The trueſt Worm e're trod on ſhooe to thee.

Bub. Worm?

Gorg. By Worm you do inſinuate and wriggle your ſelf into her affection; and ſhe by ſhooe will conceive you deſire the length of her foot: how do you like it, ſir?

Bub. I would not for forty pounds but I had come to complement: why, I ſhall be able in a ſmall time to put down a reaſonable Gentlewoman.

Gorg. Oh, any ordinary Lady, you muſt get it without book. Now to make your legs.

Bub. I have two made to my hands.

Gorg. Oh, by no means, your legs are made to your feet.

Enter Delia.

Gaſp. Beauty and grace dwell upon the face of my diſciple *Delia*. *Del.* Muſes inſpire you: what, at ſtudy?

Gaſp. Negotiating a little with the Muſes.

Gorg. See me ſalute her. As many happineſſes wait on *Delia*, as beams ſhoot from the Sun this pleaſant morn.

Del. As many thanks requite you; as that Sun is old in minutes ſince the day begun. *Bub.* What's ſhe, *Curculio?*

Bub. Her Miſtreſſes beſt moveable, a Chamber maid.

Bub.

Bub. She is an early riſer: at School ſo ſoon?

Gor. She is an early riſer, and yet ſometime as ſoon down as up, ſhe cannot be quiet for Serving-men, 'tis her hour between eight a clock and her Miſtriſs riſing, to come to diſcipline.

Bub. 'Tis a pretty ſmug Wench, is her name *Delia?* ſhe has a pretty name too.

Gor. Oh, ſir, all her credit is in her good name: it was *Diana*'s the Goddeſſe of chaſtity, and therefore when ſhe marries, ſhe may Cuckold her husband by priviledge, for *Diana* gave horns to *Actæon.* *Enter a Servingman.*

Ser. Where's Maſter Criticotaſter? *Gaſp.* Who's that?

Ser. Sir, my Maſter has ſent you a little Gold, he deſires you to ſend him the ſpeech he ſhould ſpeak at Seſſions in the Countrey, he's now riding down.

Gaſp. Sir *Valentine Wantbrain*, that has never a Clerk?

Ser. The ſame, Sir.

Gaſp. Newly put into Commiſſion for the peace, being puiſne, it falls to him to give the charge. *I* have drawn it, let me ſee in *Comitatu, &c.* here, read it, *Curculio*, he may the better inſtruct his Maſter, a touch, a touch.

Gor. Good men of the Jury for this Seſſion, *I* will not implicate you with ambages and circumſtances, I am unwilling to confound your little wits with affected diviſions of my narration, into *quis*, *quid*, *quomodo*, and *quandoes*: I will neither utter by groſs, nor part my ſpeech into a doozen of long points, knotted often in the middle, and untag'd in the end; you are to preſent Malefactors, whereof you are the chief—Reformers, and ſeeing you ſtand ready for your charge, I will give fire to this great piece of ſervice, and ſend you all off with a powder, that in any caſe we may go to dinner betimes, &c.

Gaſp. So, 'tis enough: bear my reſpects to your Maſter, tell him, tis a ſpeech will do him credit, bid him learn it perfectly without Book. *Gor.* And do you hear, if he chance to be at a *nonplus*, he may help himſelf with his beard and handkercher, or it will be a good poſture for his hand now and then to be fumbling with his band-ſtrings. Farewell.

Exit Servant.

Enter Miſtriſs Medulla.

Gaſp. Miſtriſs *Medulla*, the Sun of honor ſhine upon your hopes, till it ſublime you to a Ladyſhip: *I* will attend you preſently.

Med. Sirra, bid your fellow make ready the Caroch, and attend me here about an hour hence, I will ride home.

Bub. What Gentlemowan is that?

Gor. An old Country Gentlemoman, that hath buried her Husband lately, and comes up to be a Lady, for ſhe ſwears ſhe will not marry any more Gentlemen: ſhe fallen out with a Juſtice of Peaces wife in the Country, and ſhe will have a Knight, though ſhe pay for his Horſe-hire, to ſpight her neighbors.

Gaſp. A word with you, ſir.

Bub. Your friend and Maſter *Bubulcus*. Ha you done, ſir?

Gaſp. The Cupidinæan fires burn in my breſt, and like the Oven *Ætna*, I am full of Squibs and Crackers.

Bub. This will powder him.

Gor. Lady, wounded by your beauty, I will acknowledge mercy if you kill me not, yet rather murther me, then vulnerate ſtill your creature, unleſs you mean to medicine where you have hurt, and I implore no better remedy then I may derive from the inſtrument wherewith you pierce me, like *Achillis* Spear, your eye having ſhot lightning into my breſt, hath power with a ſmile to fetch out the conſuming fire, and yet leave my heart inflam'd.

Del. Sir, although where I am not guilty of offence, I might deny juſtly, to deſcend to a ſatisfaction: yet rather then I would be counted a murtherer, I would ſtudy to preſerve ſo ſweet a model as your ſelf; and ſince you deſire my eye which enflamed you, ſhould with the vertue of a gracious ſmile make you happy in your fire, it ſhall ſhine as you would have it, and diſclaim that beam ſhall ſhine upon another object.

Gor. So, very well, this is your cunning leſſon.

Knocks within.

Gaſp. Some ſtrangers, *Curculio*.

Gor. Sir, the Country comes in upon us.

Enter an Old-man with his Son.

Old. Is not here a Complement-School?

Gaſp. A School of generous Education, ſir?

Old. I have brought my Son to be a Scholar, I do mean to make him a Courtier, I have an offer of five or ſix Offices for my money, and I would have him firſt taught to ſpeak.

Bub. He is a great childe, cannot he ſpeak yet?

Gaſp. In what kind of complement, pleaſe you, venerable Sir, to be edoctrinated? But we will withdraw.

Enter

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Come, for another leſſon, my brave *Mars*, now I am fit to quarrel with the Stars, and catch at *Jove*.

Bub. What's he? *Gor. Orlando Furioſo.*

Gent. By the bloud-ſtain'd fauchion of *Mavors* I will carbonado thee, keep off, or in my fury I will cut thee into Atoms, and blow thee about the world.

Bub. I hope he does but complement.

Gent. I will out-labour *Jove*-born *Hercules*,
And in a greater fury ranſack Hell:
Tear from the Siſters their contorted curles,
And wrack the Deſtinies on *Ixions* Wheel,
Brain *Proſerpine* with *Siſiphs* rowling ſtone,
And in a brazen Caldron choakt with Lead,
Boil *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Radamant*,
Throw *Pluto* headlong into their mooriſh Fens,
And ſotty Regions.
Dam up *Cocitus* with tomented ſoul,
And batter down the brazen gates of Hell,
Make the Infernal three-chapt Band-dog rore.
Cram *Tantalus* with Apples, laſh the Fiends
With Whips of Snakes, and poyſoned Scorpions,
Snatch chain'd *Prometheus* from the Vultures maw,
And feed him with her liver, make old *Charon*
Waft back again the ſouls, or buffet him
With his own Oars to death.

Gor. So, ſo, 'tis well, you ſhall take forth a new leſſon, ſit down and breathe. *Bub.* 'Twas a devilliſh good ſpeech.

Enter a Juſtice of Peaces Clerk, Ingeniolo.

Ing. Oh, why did nature make thee fair and cruel?

Bub. What ſpruce fellow's this?

Gor. He is an hundred and fifty pounds a yard in *potentia*, a Yeomans Son, and a Juſtice of Peaces Clerk, he is in love with a Farmers Daughter, and thus he ſpeaks his paſſion in blank Verſe.

Ing. Thou art ſome Goddeſs, that to amaze the earth
With thy celeſtial preſence, hath put on
The habit of a mortal, gods ſometimes
Would viſit Countrey houſes, and gild o're
A ſublunary habitation
With glory of their preſence, and make heaven

Deſcend into an Hermitage: Sure thy father
Was *Maias* Son, diguis'd in Shepheards weeds,
And thou doſt come from *Jove*, no marvel then
We Swains do wonder at thee, and adore,
Venus her ſelf the Queen of *Cytheron*,
When ſhe is riding through the milky way,
Drawn with white Doves, is but a blowze, and muſt,
When thou appeareſt, leave her Bird-drawn Coach,
And give the reins to thee, and trudge afoot
Along the heavenly plains, paved with ſtars,
In duty of thy excellence, while the gods
Looking amaz'd from their criſtal windows,
Wonder what new-come Deity doth call
Them to thy adoration.

Bub. O, heavenly Farmers Daughters!

Gor. Ile call him in; *Ingeniolo*!

Cla. Your ſervant, ſir. Lady, I kiſs your hand, and reverence the antiquity of your veſtment, *Delia*. Fortune let fall her riches on thy head, that thou maiſt fill thy apron. I am your humble obſerver, and wiſh you all cumulations of proſperity.

Bub. Sir, I deſire to ſuck below your waſte.

Cla. I do evaculate my ſelf to be your ſhadows, my generous condiſciples. *Gor.* This is Scholar-like.

Bub. He's one of the head form, I warrant.

Enter Gaſparo, the old man and his Son.

Gaſp. Sir, I receive your Son, and will winde up his ingeny, fear it not, but firſt he muſt be under my Uſher, who muſt teach him the poſtures of his body, how to make legs and cringes, and then he ſhall be advanced to a higher Claſſe. *Curculio*, lick him with your method into ſome proportion, take off the roughneſs of his behaviour, and then give him the principles of ſalutation.

Old. Law you there, boy, he will teach you the principles of ſalvation. Well, good-morrow, ſir, Ile leave my Jewel.

Gor. Your Jewel may have the grace to be hang'd one day.

Enter Jenkin. *Exit old man.*

Jen. Bleſs you Sentlemen awl, and your ſtudies and contemplations: is here School of Complements, pray you?

Gaſp. A place of generous breeding.

Jen. Generous preeding, hark you, her name was *Jenkin*, a good Sentleman, 'tis known, her take no pleaſures and delecta-

tions

tions in urds and phraſes of Rhetricks; Welſemen have awl hearts and fidelities, mark you, her was going along pout creat buſineſs, but caſting her eyes and viſions upon your skils and profeſſions, look you, her come in, to ſee the faſhions and manners of your exerciſes, and yet if your urſhips has any Madrigals and Paſtoral Canticles, look you, for in truths and verities was going now to the Urds and Forreſts, and mean to turn Shepheards goddillings, her will give you good payments of awl your inventions, and Muſes, pray you now.

Gaſp. Amorous Paſtorals? I can furniſh you venerable ſir.

Turn, Amarilis, *to thy Swane*,
Thy Damon *calls thee back again*,
Here is pretty Arbor by,
Where Apollo *cannot pry*,
Here let's ſit, and while I play
Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

How like you, ſir?

Jen. Roundelays very good, here is moneys and conſiderations, look you.

Gor. We acknowledge your bounty, my Tenth-worthy.

Gaſp. So Miſtreſs, I have treſpaſs'd on your patience, now I take occaſion by the fore-lock. You can ſay your Lecture: have you your hand-kercher ready, that when a Sutor comes, you may put him off with wiping your eyes, as if tears ſtood in'em ever ſince your husband was buried: well, ſuppoſe I have had acceſs to your chamber, I begin, Lady, think it ſtrange, if Love which is active in my boſome, force me turn Petitioner, that I may be reckoned amongſt your ſervants; all my ambition, ſweeteſt, is to be made happy in your affection, which I will ſtudy to deſerve in my utmoſt poſſibilities. *Med.* Alas, alas, I had husband.

Gaſp. Very well counterfeited, nay weep not, thoſe eyes were made to ſhine, not waſte with dew: if it be for the remembrance of him you have loſt, recover him again, by placing your opinion on a man ſhall ſweat to do you ſervices.

Med. It doth not, ſir, become our modeſty to talke of love ſo ſoon, you will renew my paſſion for his loſs, and draw down tears afreſh upon his Hearſe: you do not well t'oppreſs a widow thus, I pray ſir, leave me, at leaſt I will ſtay to ſpeak no more of love, it is unwelcome. What 'em I perfect?

Gaſp.

Gaſp. So, 'twas very well, at the next leſſon you ſhall learn to be more cunning. *Gor.* Wilt pleaſe you hear the Novice?

Gaſp. Good boy, ſpeak out.

Offe. God ſave you, ſir, felicities be accumulated upon you, ſir, I thank you generous ſir, you oblige me to be your ſervant, ſir, in all my---p---o---ſ---poſſibility, ſir, I honor your remembrance, ſir, and ſhall be proud to do you my obſervance, ſir, moſt noble ſir. *Gaſp.* Very hopeful now: a repetition all together, the more the merrie. *They all rehearſe at once.*

Enter Infortunio.

Inf. What, at Barley-break? which couple are in hell? are not you *Hellen*, whoſe inſatiate luſt ruin'd fair *Illium*? and you ſir *Paris* with a golden noſe? hark you, *Rufaldo* is married to *Selina*.

Bub. Who? that's my Father-in-law.

Inf. How, your father? look, he has cloven feet, I am glad I have found you, what are you in hell for?

Gaſp. Inſinuate to 'em all for their own ſafeties, he's deſperate mad, bid none ſtir hence. *Inf.* Hey, how came you all thus damn'd? *Jen.* Damn'd, who's damn'd? is *Jenkin* damn'd?

Gaſp. I beſeech you, ſir, to maintain the credit of my School, I ſhall be undone elſe, humor him a little.

Jen. Will you have her be damn'd? when hear you pray a Welſhman was dam'd? of all things in the urld, her cannot abide to be damn'd. *Gor.* See if you can roar him away.

Gent. Keep off, I am *Hercules*, Son of *Alcmena*, compreſs'd by *Jove*, Ile carbonado thee.

Inf. How, art thou *Hercules*? *Strikes him down.* Lie there, uſurper of *Alcides* name, bold Centaure: ſo he's dead, by this I prove I am *Jove* born.

Jen. Well, for your credits and reputations, her care not to to be damn'd for companions and fellowſhips, look you, has he knock'd him down? would he had knock'd *Jenkin* down.

Inf. Now, on with your relations, and tell me all the ſtories of your fortunes. Tis I am *Hercules*, ſent to free you all. What are you damn'd for? In this Club behold all your releaſements. What are you? *Gor.* Stand in order and be damn'd.

Gaſp. I am the conſcience of an Uſurer, who have been damn'd theſe two and twenty years, for lending money *gratis*.

Inf. How, a Uſurer? why didſt not corrupt the Devil to fetch thy ſoul away? he'l take a bribe for lending money *gratis*.

Gaſp.

Gaſp. Yes, ſir, for thanks: I took no intereſt, for at the lending of each hundred pound, they brought me home ſome twenty or thirty thanks, indeed 'twas paid in Gold.

Inf. Oh Golden thanks! well, go, go, Ile releaſe you upon condition you ſhall build an Hoſpital, and die a beggar. What are you? *Gor.* The ſoul of a Watchman.

Inf. How came you damn'd? could not you watch the Devil?

Gor. He took me napping on *Midſummer Eve*, and *I* never dream't on him. *Inf.* Your wife had given you *Opium* over night.

Gor. No ſir, *I* had watch'd three nights before, and becauſe I would not wink at two or three drunkards as they went reeling home at twelve a clock at night, the Devil owed me a ſpight.

Inf. Well, you ſhall be Prentice to an Alcumiſt, and watch his Stills night, by night, nor ſleep till he get the Philoſophers-ſtone. What are you? *Del.* Sir, *I* am a Chamber-maid.

Inf. What are you damn'd for?

Del. Not for revealing my Miſtriſs ſecrets, for I kept them better than mine own, but keeping my Maiden-head till it was ſtale, *I* am condemn'd to lead Apes in hell.

Inf. Alas poor wench, upon condition you will be wiſe hereafter, and not refuſe Gentlemens proffers, learn pride every day, and painting, beſtow a courteſie now then upon the Apparitor to keep counſel, I releaſe you, take you Apes, and Monkies away with you, and beſtow them on Gentlewomen, and Ladies, that want play-fellows. What are you?

Cle. *I* am an Underſheriff, ſir, damn'd becauſe *I* told the Debtors, Writs were out againſt 'em, brought 'em to compoſition without arreſts, favoured poor men for a whole year together, was very good in my Office, gave up a juſt account at the years end, and broke. *Inf.* Oh, miracle! an honeſt man! thou ſhalt be Church-warden to a Pariſh, draw the preſentments, and keep the poor mens box for ſeven years together, 'tis pitty, but thou ſhouldeſt have fifty wives, to propagate honeſt generation. What are you? *Med.* A Juſtices wife ith' Country, ſir. *Inf.* And who drew your *mittimus* hither? what are you damn'd for?

Med. For refuſing Sattin Gowns, and Velvet Petticoats, turning back Capons at *Chriſtmas*, and Seſſions-times, and making much of one of my husbands ſervants, meerly for his honeſty and good ſervice towards me. *Inf.* 'Tis injuſtice, you ſhall bury your husband quickly, wear ſome blacks a while for faſhion ſake,

and

and within a month be married to his Clerk, unleſs you will be divided among the Serving-men. What are you?

Old mans Son. A younger Brother, ſir, born at the latter end of the week, and wain of the Moon, put into the world to ſeek my own fortune, got a great Eſtate of Wealth by Gaming and Wenching, and ſo purchas'd unhappily this ſtate of damnation you ſee me in. *Inf.* Came you in't by purchaſe? then you do not claim it as your fathers intereſt as an heir: well, I will eaſe you of the eſtate, becauſe it is litigious, and you ſhall make preſently a bargain and ſail of it to a Scrivener, that ſhall buy it of you, and pay both his ears down upon the nail for it. What are you?

Bub. I am a horſe-courſer.

Inf. And couldſt not thou out-ride the Devil?

Bub. I had not the grace to mend my pace, I was an honeſt Horſe-courſer, and ſuffered every fool to ride me, I knew not what belonged to horſe-play, let the world kick at me, I never winch'd, all that I am damn'd for, is, that deſiring to thrive in the world, and to have good luck to horſe-fleſh, I ambled to the bed of a Parſons wife that was coltiſh once, and gave her husband a Horſe for't in good faſhion, he never gave me Godamercy for't, indeed it prov'd afterwards to have the Yellows.

Inf. There was ſome colour for't: well, ſince your occupation is foundred, you ſhall trot every day a foot, and walk a knave in the Horſe-fair. What are you?

Jen. Her have no minde at all to be damn'd, becar her will fight with her and kill awl the Devils in hell: diggon.

Gor. 'Sfoot, here's more ado to get one Welſhman damn'd, then a whole Nation. Sir, 'tis but in jeſt.

Jen. In jeſts, is it in jeſts? well, look you, her will be contented to be damn'd in jeſts and merriments for you.

Inf. You will tell me what you are damn'd for?

Jen. And her be ſo hot, was get ſome bodies elſe to be damn'd for *Jenkin*, her will tell her in patiences, look you, her was damn'd for her valor, and riding the urld of Monſters, look you, Dragons with ſeven heads, and Serpents with tails a mile long, pray you.

Inf. Oh, let me embrace thee, worthy in my arms, Ile charm the Deſtinies for their bold attempt, for cutting off thy thred, thou ſhalt cut their throats, and be inſtal'd Lord in *Eliſium*. Oh, let me hug thee, *Owen Glandower*.

Jen. *Owen Glandower* was her couſin pray you,

Inf.

Inf. Go your ways all: ſtay, take hence *Prometheus* and bury him, if you come into hell again, there's no releaſement.

Jen. So, farewell Sentlemen, now her mean to make travels and peregrinations, to the uds and plains, look you, very faſt. Good ſpeed to awl. *Exit.*

Gor. We thank thee Jovial *Hercules.*

Gaſp. Live long thou King of hell. So, ſo, well done of all ſides, here our School breaks up, I might have run mad like, had I not taken off the edge of melancholy.

Thus poor Gentleman. O Love thou art a madneſs,
Drawing our ſouls with joy, to kill with ſadneſs.

Inf. So, ſo, poor ſouls, how glad they are of liberty. This is a hot houſe, I do ſcorch and broil: Ile ſeek the Eliſian fields out, and die there. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio *dreſt in* Selina's *apparel, with* Hillaria.

Ant. Have I not done my part, wench, with confidence to proceed thus far with thy father? either I am infinitely like my ſiſter, or they are all mad with credulity: but our good fathers are blinded with their paſſions, and that helps me much: well, *I* do but think upon the nights work, there lies my Maſter-piece, *I* have it, 'tis for thy ſake *Hillaria*, I have aſſum'd this habit, the end will ſpeak it.

Hil. But what will you do? *Antonio* is loſt now.

Ant. Well enough, is ſuppos'd to go after *Selina*, and is not return'd yet, out of my brotherly love, they will imagine *I* have taken a journey in queſt of a ſiſter, time enough to return again, and he goes far, that never does wench by Story.

Enter Bubulcus *whetting his ſword.*

Here's *Bubulcus.*

Bub. *Antonio* is gone, no news of him: I am glad of that, I hope he will come no more.

Ant. How now? what means this? what! ſword-dawn?

Hil. And he is whetting it.

Ant. For heavens ſake, what's the matter?

Bub. Nay, nothing, nothing, I do but---a---

Hil. By my virginity you make me afraid, what's the matter?

Ant. He means to fight with ſome body on my life.

Hil. Heaven defend it, good ſir, tell me.

Bub. Be not afraid, Gentlewomen, for I do but, you ſee.

Hil. But what? *Bub.* Whet my long knife, ſome body ſhall ſmart for't, but---

Ant. He does mean to challenge ſome body.

Hil. I charge you, if you love, tell me who's your enemy.

Bub. Nay, no body, I do not mean to fight, if I live.

Ant. What? Nay, nothing, ſweet Ladies, be not troubled, I do but ſharpen my ſword.

Hil. Tell me the truth, why? *Bub.* I was eating Oyſters tother day, and I had never a knife, and ſo---

Ant. Come, come, there is ſome other matter in't, pray tell me.

Bub. Well, you are my friends, if you chance to hear of any mans death ſhortly, then ſay *Bubulcus*.

Hil. I hope you do not mean to kill any man i'th field, you do make me tremble, Ile aſſure you.

Bub. No, no, ſweet-heart, do not tremble, I will but---

He makes a thruſt.

Loſe my honour? Ile be carv'd firſt. *Ant.* What a Capon's this? pray let me perſwade you. *Hil.* And me.

Bub. No, no, 'tis but in vain to perſwade me, I'm reſolv'd, if you love me, do not uſe any arguments: the Cupidinæan fires burn in my breſt, and like the Oven *Etna* I am full of ſquibs and crackers. I had almoſt forgot---

Hil. The Oven *Etna*, Ile be baked then: what a fury are you in? he looks like the god of War.

Bub. The god of War? I think I have reaſon. *Hillaria*, I muſt, and I will, and all the world ſhall not hold me.

Hil. But you ſhall not go away thus, till you be calmer.

Bub. O that I were a flea upon his lip,
There would I ſuck for ever and not skip.
I will carbonado him, his face doth far
Excell all other like a blazing ſtar
We mortals wonder at. Vouchſafe to caſt
Off the ſparkling diamond eyes thou haſt:
O let me go on, me thy vowed creature,
That is confounded with thy form and feature.

Ant. Is the fool mad? *Hil.* He has ſomething in his head, and it were out: but here comes our fathers.

Enter

Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo.

Cor. *Antonio* not heard of yet?

Ruf. This morning we wanted a Bride too, but ſhe was found, marry I cryed for her firſt. Father, come, my Brother *Antonio*, is but gone to look his Siſter: ha, my ſweet wench, when ſhal's to bed.

Enter Gorgon.

Cor. I hope 'tis ſo, and yet he ſtays too long. Here's *Gorgon*: Sirra, where have you been all this day?

Gorg. Indeed, ſir, I have made inquiſition, both my tongue and my feet have walked, but my Miſtriſs is not to be found or heard of, Ile aſſure you.

Ruf. *Gorgon*, haſt loſt thy ſences? here's *Selina*.

Gorg. Miſtriſs! then we are all made. *He capers.*

Cor. But ſirra, your Maſter *Antonio*'s gone.

Gorg. Gone in wine, ſir, for joy of his ſiſters finding agen.

Cor. Go your ways, ſirra, and either bring me news of him, or look me in the face no more, you'l finde we jeſt not.

Gorg. Pray' ſir, let me take my journey in the morning, the wedding night is fatal: I hope your Worſhip does but jeſt, I may be drunk to night, and wake early enough to be gone afore day too, I beſeech you ſir.

Ant. Pray ſir, let him ſtay to night. *Gorg.* By this hand there he is, where? did not I hear his voice? *Cor.* Away ſirra.

Gorg. I have been mad all this while, and now am like to be my own man again: ſince there is no remedy, Gentiles all good night. *Gorgon* begins to be a wandring Knight. *Exit.*

Cor. I cannot be heartily merry,: well let's leave theſe two without any more ceremonies, 'tis late, all joys be multiplied on my Son and Daughter: good night, I do comfort my ſelf with hope of *Antonio's* return, and yet fears are great. *Exit.*

Ruf. Lights there: ſo, ſo, welcome thou much expected night, I do ſalute thy black brows: come, my *Selina*, ſhalt find I have young bloud: *Hillaria*, do ſervice to your Mother, make her unready. *Ant.* 'Tis time enough. *Ruf.* And why ſhould we looſe any? I pray thee let her come. I know 'tis your Virgin modeſty, loath to part with a Maidenhead, but it muſt off: come prethee be not idle: why, thou knoweſt I married thee, *Selina*, as thou loveſt me--

Ant. Sir, by that love I muſt entreat you one thing.

Ruf. Any thing, ſweet-heart. *Ant.* To ratifie an ancient

vow I made. *Ruf.* Any vows, what is't?

Ant. I vowed when ever I married, my husband ſhould not lie with me the firſt night.

Ruf. Should any body elſe?

Ant. Not any man.

Ruf. Come, 'twas but a fooliſh vow, and muſt be broke. Not lie with me the firſt night? 'twere a ſin beyond incontinency. I had rather looſe half my eſtate, then miſs thee but an hour out of mine arms this night.

Ant. 'Tis but one night.

Ruf. Oh, 'tis an age, a world of time to me: why I have fed of Oyſter-pies, and rumps of Sparrows a whole moneth, in expectation of the firſt night, and leave it for a vow?

Ant. Indeed you muſt.

Ruf. How? muſt, come? I know you but jeſt, this is but your device to whet me on, and heighten me, as if old age hath ſoakt up all my marrow. Hark you, how old do ye think I am?

Ant. Some threeſcore and ſeventeen.

Ruf. Out upon thy judgement: why I am not above, by all computation, ſix or ſeven and thirty: I am reſtored, renew'd, when firſt I lov'd thee, by this hand I was.

Ant. I ſee then you would tire me, by this beard you muſt not lie with me to night.

Ruf. How? nay then I ſee you'l try my ſtrength: thus I could force you.

Antonio *throws him down.*

She has thrown me down, I know not how to take it, nor well how to bear it, my bones ake, a pox a *Gaſparo*, a my conſcience I am an old fool: ha? I will ſee more, and ſet a good face on't, you know who I am?

Ant. Yes, old *Ruffaldo*.

Ruf. Ha, old? 'tis ſo, my ſpirits faint agen: what did you marry for?

Ant. To make an aſs of you.

Ruf. How?

Ant. Thou credulous fool, didſt thou imagine I ſhould ever love thee, or lie with thee? but when I have a child would ſhame the Father

Father: Oh the Father of dotage, that like an inundation doth o'recome the little world of man, drown all his reaſon, and leave him ſpoild, even of his own common ſence. Didſt think I was a piece of ſtone ſawn out by Carvers Art, ſo cold, ſo out of ſoul, ſo empty of all fire to warm my bloud, I'de lie with thee, worſe then the frigid Zone, or Iſicles that hang on beard of winter? Have I with wearied patience lookt to ſee, when thou'dſt lay violent hands upon thy ſelf, for being ſo mad, ſo impudent to love me, and wouldſt thou bed me too? didſt thou not tremble to dare the holy Rites and nuptial Tapers? Oh impious ſacriledge! hence, go waſte thy ſelf with ſorrow, pine that half-ſtarv'd body, until thy bones break thy skin, and fall to duſt before thy face: nay, you ſhall endure me: for ſince y'ave tyed me to you, I will be thy conſtant Fury, worſe then Hags or Night-mare, if thou doeſt talk of Love, or ſeek to be at reconcilement.

Ruf. Selina, ſweet *Selina*, hear me.

Ant. Sweet? oh villanous preſumption!

Ruf. What will you do?

Ant. Firſt, you ſhall never ſolicite me to lie with you.

Ruf. Never by this hand, and thank you too.

Ant. Stand bare in my preſence.

Ruf. Stark-naked.

Ant. Run of my errands.

Ruf. To the worlds end.

Ant. And keep a whore under my noſe, nay I will allow it.

Ruf. If you will have it ſo, I am content.

Ant. Swear, ſirrah.

Ruf. Fleſh and bloud, I do ſwear.

Ant. So, riſe. In hope of your conformity, I forbear to let the puniſhment be equal with your deſerts.

Ruf. Oh, I have married a Devil, I ſhall be utterly diſgraced, if this be known: Pray ſweet wife, let me beg one requeſt of you, that you would not diſcredit me, I will be content to endure your pleaſure, do not forſake my houſe, I beſeech you that you would lie with my daughter.

Ant. Shall you appoint my lodging?

Ruf. Oh no, I do but humbly intreat you will be pleaſed to lie with my daughter.

Ant.

Ant. Well, ſince you ſubmit ſo reſpectively, I will tender your credit in that point upon your good behaviour, are you not well?

Ruf. I am the worſe for you by forty marks. One thing more, vertuous wife, that you would not tell your father, nor any body elſe, how you have beaten me: Goodnight, ſweet vertuous wife. *Exit.*

Ant. Ha, ha, *Hillaria*, my way to thee is free,
I have beat my paſſage, and I come to thee.

Enter Felice *like a Shepherdeſſe*, Selina, *Shepherds.*

Sel. I had thought the woods and ſuch wild groves as theſe, had been the houſe of rapine, and could not afford humanity, beaſts, and men like them, are wont to make ſuch places deſolate: did Nature make you thus at firſt, and are we that have Cities, houſe, and Civil Laws more rude then you? or hath all vertue choſe you as divine earth to dwell upon? Shepherdeſs, indeed I am in love with your wild kingdom here, and would not be a King abroad, if I might be jubject with ſuch fair Nymphs as you.

1. *Shep.* Oh ſon, you would ſay ſo,
When our pleaſures all you know:
We are not oppreſt with care,
With which you in Cities are,
A Shepherd is a King, whoſe Throne
Is a moſſie Mountain, on
Whoſe top we ſit, our crook in hand,
Like a Scepter of command,
Our ſubjects, ſheep grazing below,
Wanton friſking to and fro.

Fel. We nothing fear, awake nor ſleep,
But the Wolf goddild our ſheep,
On a Countrey Quill each plays
Madrigals, and pretty Lays
Of paſſions, and the force of Love,
And with Ditties heaven move.
Birds will liſten to our ſong,
And to leavy Arbours throng,
To learn our notes, and Miſtriſs name,
Vallies ecchoing with the ſame.

2. *Shep.* When we hunt, as there is ſtore
Of Deer, the trembling Hare, and Bore,
You would think that you had ſeen

Gods

Gods in Shepheards weeds agen.
A hundred pretty Nymphs apace
Tripping ore the lands, and chaſe,
As many Lads, the gentle air
Playing with their dangling hair.

Fel. Sometimes we dance a Feary round,
Hand in hand upon the ground,
Shepheards piping, Garlands crowning,
With our harmleſs boſoms drowning.

1. *Shep.* Walk unto the ſilver brook,
You ſhall need no other hook,
To catch the dancing fiſh withal,
But a ſong, or Madrigal.

Fel. When the clouds let fall their ſhowres,
We have at hand a hundred bowres,
Where under Sweet-bryer, ſafe are we
And honey-dropping woodbine tree,
Here in ſpight of ſtorms we tell
Stories of love, of *Philomel*,
Of *Paris*, and the Golden ball,
Of *Eccho*, and *Narciſſus* fall.

3. *Shep.* Here no falſe-love brings deſpair,
Jealouſie, or ſuſpition, care,
Always happy moſt of all
On *Silvanus* feſtival.

Sel. No more, good Shepheards, you undoe a boy with the opinion of his happineſs: if a few Jewels I have brought with me, may find acceptance here, I ſhall beſtow them as freely as your loves have faln on me. Nay then, Ile force 'em on you, I have left to purchaſe a Flock with you.

1. *Shep.* We thank you, gentle boy, gooden,
We muſt to our Flocks agen.

Sel. But Shepheardeſs, or ſiſter if thou wilt, oh would thou wert, I prethee call me brother, Hath Love a part among you, tell me pray, what puniſhment inflict you on falſe love? But ſure you are exempt from ſuch a miſery: what then is her reward, that out of peeviſhneſs contemns the honeſt paſſion of her Lover, inſults upon his vertue, and doth place unworthily her affection?

Fel. Though ſuch a woman need no curſe,
Being one her ſelf, or worſe,

Yet

Yet we Shepherds use to say,
May she love another day,
And not be lov'd, die in despair,
And have no other Tomb but air.

Enter Infortunio *distracted.*

Inf. Prey, a prey! where did you get that face? that goddess face? it was *Selina*'s once: how came you by it? did she on her death-bed bequeath her beauty as a legacy, not willing it should die, but live and be a lasting death to *Infortunio?* oh she was cruel, not to bury it with her! but I am a fool, 'tis *Venus* and her Son, where be your Bow and Arrows, little *Cupid?* didst thou maliciously spend all thy Quiver upon my heart, and not reserve one shaft to make *Selina* love me? tell me, *Venus*, why did you use me so? you shall no more be Queen of Love. Stay, stay, *Cupid* was blind, how comes he now to see? yes, he did see, he never could have wounded me so right else. Why then let Fortune have her eyes again, and all things see how wretched I am made.

Sel. Oh, is there not within the power of Art, how to restore this Gentleman? *Fel.* There is, and out of that experience we have in these woods, of simples, I doubt not, but to apply a remedy. *Sel.* He will be worthy of your care herein, and should he be, which I cannot imagine, ingrateful to your skill, I would reward it, and call you Mother and Sister for it.

Fel. It seems you have some relation to him.

Sel. Indeed he is the dearest friend I had; and if my bloud were powerful to restore him, i'de spend it like a prodigal. I know *Selina*. *Inf.* Ha, do you know *Selina?* she's married to *Rufaldo*, the old Usurer, that went to bed afore to his money, and begat forty ith' hundred: now he beds *Selina*, and lays his rude hand o're her sacred breast, embraceth her fair body, now he dares kiss her, and suck Ambrosia from her lip. Those eyes that grace the day, now shine on him, he her *Endimion*, she his silver Moon, the tongue that's able to rock Heaven asleep, and make the Musick of the Spheres stand still, to listen to the happier airs it makes, and mend their tunes by it: that voice is now devoted to his ears, those cheeks, those hands, would make gods proud to touch, are by his touch profaned every hour: oh, this makes me mad, but I will fit 'em for it, for Ile die, it may be then she'l weep, and let fall tears upon my Grave-stone, which shall be of Marble, and hard like her, that if she pour out floods, no drops shall sink

thorow

thorow it to soften me, I will be wrapt in Lead to keep out prayers, for then I know, she'l beg I would be friends: But then *I* will be just, and hate her love, as she did mine, & laugh to see her grieve

Sel. Come, I will fetch *Selina* to you, if you will sleep.

Inf. Will you then? I will live, and you shall be my best boy. Come, I scorn to weep, or shed another tear:
Sit down, Ile have a Garland for my Boy,
Of Phœnix feathers: Flowers are too mean
To sit upon thy temples; in thy face
Are many Gardens, Spring had never such:
The Roses and the Lillies of thy cheeks
Are slips of Paradise, not to be gathered, but wondred at.

Sel. But you said you would sleep: when slept you last?

Inf. I remember, before I lov'd, but that *I* knew not when *I* slept soundly, and dreamt of gathering Nosegays. 'Tis unlucky to dream of herbs and flowers.

Fel. For *Selina*'s sake *Ile* try my best skill on him, get him to sleep, your presence *I* see is powerful, yonder's a pleasant Arbor, procure him thither while *I* prepare the herbs, whose precious juice may with Heavens blessing make him well again.

Sel. A thousand blessings on you. Come, sir, go with me, and when you have slept, *Ile* fetch *Selina* to you.

Inf. Prethee do, *I* am very drowzy: come, Ile dream of some thing, my eyes are going to bed, and leaden sleep doth draw the curtains ore them. *Sel.* Will you go with me?

Inf. Yes, and we will pick a dish of Strawberries. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jenkin, *having lost his way.*

Jen. Has almost lost her self in these woods and wildernesses, was very weary of these journeys and travels in foot-backs: have not since her comings beheld any reasonable creatures: bless us awl, *Jocarello* is lost too, cannot tell where, in these mazes and labyrinths. *Jocarello*, so ho.

Eccho. So ho.

Jen. Ha, there's some bodies yet, hark you tere, here is a Sentilman of *Wales*, look you, desires very much to have speeches and confabulations with you: where is her? *Eccho.* Here is her.

Jen. Here is her? knaw not which ways to come to her: pray you tell *Jenkin* where you be? *Eccho.* Booby.

Jen. Poobies? was her call her poobies? 'tis very saucy travels, her will teach her better manners and moralities, if her get her in

reaches and circumferences of her Welsh blades truly.

Eccho. You lie. *Jen.* How, lies and poobies too? hark you, *Jenkin* was give you mawls and knocks, for your poobies, and lies, and indignities, look for your pates now.

Exit with his sword drawn.

Enter again.

Here is no bodies but bushes and briers, look you, awl is very quiet: so ho, ho. *Eccho.* Her am very much deceiv'd; now comes into our minds if these voices be not Ecchoes, *Eccho.*

Ecc. Eccho. *Jen.* 'Tis very true, but her marvel much, have her Ecchoes in these Countries, pray you? *Ecc.* Yes pray you. *Jen.* Warrant her 'tis a Welsh Eccho, was follow *Jenkin* in loves out of *Wales*. *Ecc.* Out of *Wales*. *Jen.* 'Tis very true, bless us awl now, her call to remembrances and memories, her had communications and talkings with this very Ecchoes in *Clamorgan-shire*, in de vallies and Talles there look you, her am very glad her hath met with Ecchoes, was born in her own Countries, hark you, *Jenkin* was travel hither out of loves and affections to *Selina*. *Ecc.* Nay. *Jen.* Nay, yes very true, pray you tell her, be *Selina* in these woods, or no? *Ecc.* No.

Jen. No, where is her den, have her taken awl these labours and ambulations in vanities? say you, shall *Jenkin* then go back as he came? *Ecc.* Asse he came. *Jen.* Gone? It is not possible, hit may be *Selina* was turn spirits and be invisible rather, she is not gone verily. *Ecc.* There you lye. *Jen.* Lye, very well, you have priviledges to give lies and awl things in the world, but her will not leave these woods for awl dat, her will be Pilgrims all tays of her lifes, ere her go without her.

Ecc. Goe without her. *Jen.* How, not love *Jenkin*? then there is a Devil in awl female sexes: know very well she promise loves and good wills in times, great while ago, pray you now, her will talk no longer with you. Fare you well Ecchoe, pray if you meet her Pages, bid her make hasts and expeditions after her. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Ecc. Fare you well.

Enter Gorgon.

Gorg. I think *Jupiter* has snatch'd up my Master *Antonio*, to make a *Ganimede* on him, he is not to be found yet, I have search'd all the Taverns ith Town, I am sure, and that method my nose led me to hoping he had been a good fellow, but, *non est inventus*, well,

my ſtock is ſpent, but with this terrible face a buff Jerkin, and a roaring basket-hilt, *Gorgon* will have a trick of wit to bear his own charges: but here comes a Gentleman, to my poſtures now.

Enter Gaſparo.

Gaſp. I am reſolv'd.

Gorg. Good your worſhip beſtow a ſmall piece of ſilver upon a poor Soldier, new come out of the Low-Countries, that have been in many hot ſervices, againſt the Spaniard, the French, and great Turk. I have been ſhot ſeven times through the body, my eyes blown up with gun-powder, half my skull ſeard off with a Canon, and had my throat cut twice in the open field: good your worſhip take compaſſion upon the caterwaking fortunes of a forlorne Gentleman, that have loſt the uſe of my veins, good your generous nature take compaſſion upon me, I have but four fingers and a thumb upon one hand: can work, and wooonot, one ſmall piece of grateful ſilver, to pay for my lodging, I beſeech you venerable ſir. *Gaſp.* Canſt not ſee? *Gorg.* Onely a little glimmering, ſir, the beams of your gentility have radiated, and infuſed light into my poor lanterns, ſir. *Gaſp.* Can you feel then? *Gorg.* Oh ſir, that faculty alone, fortune and nature have left inviolated.

Gaſp. Here's ſomewhat for thee. What, can you ſee now?

He kicks him, and Gorgon *opens his eyes.*

Gorg. Gaſparo, is it you? Pox on your benevolence.

Gaſp. Whence came this project of wit? *Gorg.* From the old predicament. Faith, neceſſity that has no Law, put me into this habit: my Maſter is turn'd coward, and ran away from me.

Gaſp. And thou art turn'd Soldier, to fight with him when you meet again: then thou wanteſt a Maſter? hark ſirra, what ſayſt thou to another project? *Gor.* Oh, I could caper for't.

Gorg. I am now leaving the world, and going into the Countrie, woot turn Gipſie, or *Shepheard*? I am for the woods, canſt Madrigals yet? *Gorg.* Phillis *fair, do not diſdain*

The Love of Coridon *thy Swain.*

Gaſp. Excellent! wee'l turn Shepheards preſently, thou ſhalt be *Phillis*, and Ile be *Coridon*: let me alone to provide Ruſſets, Crook, and Tarbox: they ſay there's good hoſpitality in the Woods, and Songs and paſtimes upon *Silvanus* day. *Gorg.* But that were pretty, ſhall I be a woman? *Gaſp.* By any means, thou haſt a good face already, a little ſimpering will do it, Ile accommodate thee early, keep thy own counſel, and Ile warrant thee

for a Maid-marrian. *Corg.* 'Sfoot! shall I run into my coats agen? go to, put me into what shape you will, Ile play my part: me thinks I do feel an hundred rural Animals taking up my petticoat already. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio, Bubulcus, and Hillaria.

Ant. Pray' forward with your relation.

Bub. As I was saying, having challenged *Antonio* for the affront he did me before *Hillaria*, here by heaven, you must say nothing.

Hil. Not a syllable. *Bub.* He did accept the Challenge, and the weapons were soon agreed upon, and we met: but not a word of fighting, if you love me.

Ant. You are not come to fighting yet your self: but by the way, what were your weapons? *Bub.* A long sword.

Ant. 'Twas long ere you could remember it, me thinks.

Bub. Soon as we came into the place appointed, we looked about, and saw all clear. *Hil.* As clear as day on your side.

Bub. We drew, but not a word of fighting, by this hand.

Ant. Not by that hand. *Bub.* We threw our doublets off, to shew we had no Coat of Mail, or privy shirt upon us, against the Laws of Duelling: in fine, I bid him say his prayers.

Ant. 'Twas well thought upon, and what did you?

Bub. I let 'em alone, for I knew I should kill him, and have time enough to say 'em afterwards at my leasure. *Hil.* When he had prayed, what then? *Bub.* When he had said his prayers, he thought upon it, and let fall words tending to reconcilement: A my conscience, he would have asked me forgiveness, but I stood upon my honor, and would fight with him, and so we stood upon our guard: but not a word of fighting, if you love me. *Ant.* Oh, by no means, but when did you fight?

Bub. Ile tell you, *Antonio* when he saw no remedy, but that I would needs fight with him, and so consequently kill him, made a desperate blow at my head, which I warded with my dagger, better than he looked for, and in return, I cut off his left hand, whereat amazed and fainting, I nimbly seconded it, as you know I am very nimble, and run my Rapier into his right thigh, two yards. *Hil.* Then you were on both sides of him?

Ant. Your Rapier, did you not say your weapons were long swords? *Bub.* But mine was both a sword and Rapier, there's it, but not a word of fighting, as you love me: well, not to weary you with the narration of the innumerable wounds I gave him, I cut off every

every joynt from his toe upwards, to his middle, by these hilts: now you may believe me, there ended *Antonio* my rival, judge, judge now, whether *Bubulcus* be valiant or not, but not a word of fighting, as you love me, let it die. *Exit.*

Ant. 'Twas very valiantly done.

Hil. Hark you, Sweet-heart, do you not remember who this is, that you have discovered this business too? this is *Selina*, his own sister.

Bub. What a Rogue was *I*, not to remember that?

Hil. Do not you know that she is my Mother-in-law? nay, nay, pluck up a good heart, what will you do? there's no running away. *Bub.* Have you never an empty chest?

Hil. What, to hide your self? that *I* know you would not do for your credit: draw your sword, and stand upon your guard, we know you are valiant, that could kill *Antonio* so bravely.

Bub. Hillaria, if ever you lov'd me, oh, I have made a fair piece of work, would you not tell me it was his sister? oh, here they come.

He runs behinde Hillaria.

Enter Antonio, Rufaldo, *and Officers.*

Ant. He hath confest it, sir, your Daughter heard it, sir, *I* charge you lay hands upon that murtherer, he hath slain my Brother *Antonio*. *Ruf.* Did you hear him confess it?

Bub. Here's right, confess and hang'd now. *Hil.* I must confess I did. *Ruf. Bubulcus* kill *Antonio? Bub.* By this hand I do not know how to deny it for my credit.

Ruf. Nay then lay hands on him. *Bub.* Yes Father, *Rufaldo*, *Selina*, oh, a plague of all coxcombes, what a Rogue was *I*?

Ant. I will have Justice, away with him.

Bub. I am a lying Rascal by this hand.

Ant. We must require *Antonio* from you, sir, or your blood answer his. Away with him, *Hillaria*.

Bub. Ile be hang'd then, father *Hillaria*, will you see me hang'd?

Ruf. There is no remedy: would thou hadst kild his Sister; I am plagued with her, and dare not speak it for shame, Ile do what I can to get a Reprieve for you; nay, and you kill folks, you you must eene take your fortune.

Bub. A curse of all ill fortune, I kil'd no body.

Ant. Away, I say, out villain, hence, for *I*
Do hear my Brothers bloud for justice cry. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Infortunio, Selina, *and* Felice.

Inf. I do not know this place, nor who you are, nor know I yet my ſelf. *Sel. Infortunio?*

Inf. That name I once did anſwer to, but then I was not baniſht to a wilderneſs, nor ſlept on ſuch a bed. Oh, if I be he, whom you call *Infortunio*, tell me how I came hither, doſt thou weep? I prethee tell me, boy, why do thoſe tears drown thy fair cheeks? but that they will not ſhew manly in me, I'de force my eyes to weep too, and we would ſit upon a bank, and play drop-tear, till one were bankrout. You amaze me: I ask how I came hither? anſwer me with other language, if you do not mean I came by water, which you might expreſs too in words as well, nay, better, for you now are cruel to your ſelves, and murder me: tell me, or I ſhall be mad. *Sel.* Oh, ſtay: that brought *Infortunio* hither, you have now told your ſelf, diſtraction brought you.

Inf. Ha diſtraction? now you increaſe my wonder: was I mad, or do not you by anſwering, ſtudy to make me ſo? why ſhould I be mad, or being ſo, how came I well again? for if I dream not, I am well and calm. *Sel.* You owe this Shepherdeſſe for your reſtore, whoſe skill heaven made ſo happy.

Inf. Did you, fair Shepherdeſſe reſtore me then, and by your art recover natures loſs? all my well-beings yours: but yet if you could ſo Phyſician-like cure the diſeaſe which is but the effect of ſome diſtemper, you then ſhould know the cauſe: for elſe you are uncertain in your applications. Pray tell me then, why was I mad? *Sel.* This Lad can tell you that, better then I, but if his ſorrow will not let his tongue deliver it, Ile tell you ſir; you were in love. *Inf.* With whom, I pray. *Fel.* One whom they call *Selina*. *Inf.* Ha, *Selina?* in what a depth of black forgetfulneſs is *Infortunio* fallen into? *Selina*, could I forget *Selina?* oh Shepherdeſs, I was not mad till now: for can I be my ſelf, and forget her? oh, in this queſtion I am undone: for I do hold my ſelf and all my underſtanding by her name, I am a begger, ſhe hath purchas'd all, nor am I maſter of one thought of comfort I borrow not from her: what curſe was ſaln upon my memory, to forget *Selina?*

Sel. Sir, you remember her too well, unleſs ſhe would deſerve

it

it better. *Inf.* It is not in her power to deſerve, boy, for ſhe is now beholding for her ſelf unto another. Oh, this tares my ſoul, you did not well to releaſe me of my furies, and make me ſenſible again of that was my firſt corroſive, it was unfriendly: Oh, 'twas a happineſs to be mad, ſtark mad, for ſhe being loſt, what have I elſe to loſe? *I* was all hers, *I* gave my ſelf away: and deeds of gift ſhould hold. *Sel.* Why ſhould you be ſo paſſionate? let once reaſon ſo late recovered, teach you love your ſelf, reſerv'd for nobler fortune. *Inf.* It is true, I am a very fool in doing ſo, and will you be my Miſtriſs then, and teach me how to forget my ſelf? what ſaiſt boy? ſhall I be Shepherd too? I will live here, and have thy company, thou art like my Love, ſhall we Shepherdeſs?

Fel. With all my heart.

Inf. Come let's ſit down awhile, nature hath ſpred her Carpets for us here, this is the loweſt, and yet 'tis higher then a Palace: pray teach me your Shepherds life, now I do long to be a woodman too, and you ſhall do a double cure upon me.

Enter Gaſparo *and* Gorgon *diſguiſed.*

Gaſp. Stay, yonder are ſome Shepherds, lets on this bank ſit down and prattle. And how long iſt, ſince your Sweet-he art forſook you? *Gor.* It will be a quarter of a year next graſs.

Gaſp. Alas, poor *Mopſa*, but come, put him out of thy minde, ſing him away. *Gor.* Laugh, and ſing him to his grave, ſhall I?

Gaſp. And never love him more.

Gor. Oh no, his love like a canker hath eat ſuch a great hole into my heart, I cannot forget him, but Ile ſing a ſong of him.

Gorgon *ſings a ſong, all this while,* Gaſparo *eyes* Felice.

Gaſp. Prethee do.

Inf. Here's innocence of all ſides, who would live out this Common-wealth, where honeſt Swains with craft and falſhood, all their ſouls are clad in true ſimplicity: I will take a truce with care a while, to talk with this poor wench. *Mopſa* I heard you nam'd, pray tell me, were you in love?

Gorg. Yes forſooth. *Infor.* With whom forſooth?

Gorg. With a Gentleman that has prov'd unkinde, forſooth, broken his vows, and oathes, forſooth, he made much of me, time was, before his father dyed, forſooth, who was a good Yeoman, then he kiſt me, forſooth, and coll'd ſurreverence, but now he ſcorns *Mopſa*: I was his equal once, and have danced with him upon our Church green in a Morris ere now.

Inf.

Infor. Alas, alas, has forſaken thee?

Gorg. He is now about to commit makrimonial buſineſs with a young Girl I wiſs. *Gaſp.* Tis ſhe. Ile have a trick to know it.
Bleſſings on you Shepherdeſs,
Yet by this hand, you are no leſs,
You were in love with a fair man,
Croſt by a father, began
This Shepherds life, and ruſſet weed,
Is it not the truth, I reed? Ha, ha.

Fel. Sir, are you a Fortune-teller?

Gaſp. No, I am a fool, and yet I know
Something, though you think not ſo.

Fel. Do you ſee all this here?

Gaſp. That, and more in this table
Lies your ſtory: 'tis no fable,
Not a line within your hand,
But I eaſily underſtand:
Your Line of Life is fair, hard by
Aſcends that of Proſperity,
But broken in the midſt to th' Mount
Of *Saturn* here, which ill we count,
Ha, Triangle and Mercurial Line?
But *Venus* is no friend of thine.

Infor. How now, Palmiſtry? believe him not.

Gaſp. In your face your fate is wrote,
You lov'd a woman, ſhe not you,
You know whether I ſay true,
Her name began with *S*, but ſhee,
Shall never be enjoyd by thee,
She's married now to one that's old,
But very rich: your fortune's told.

Infor. Beſhrew me he has cunning.

Sel. Do you believe him, ſir?

Gorg. Believe him? nay, you may believe him, he's abomination cunning man, he told me my fortune as right as if he had been in my belly. *Shep.* Does thy fortune lie in thy belly then, Sweetheart? *Gorg.* Partly, ſir, as other womens fortunes do.

Gaſp. Damſel, you have yet a fate
Will make you wonder more thereat,
By collection, I dare prove,

That

That his name, whom you did love,
Began with *G.* but 'tis too true,
He hath ſlain himſelf for you. *Felice faints.*
Felice, come again, do not believe me, *I* told thee falſe, *I* did but try to gain a knowledge of thee: thy ſtars owe thee more happineſs, *Felice*, look up, ſee thy friend alive, *I* am *Gaſparo*. 'Sfoot, *I* ha made fair work. *Fel.* Ha, 'tis *Gaſparo*.

Gaſp. Have *I* found thee, O wench, thou wert unjuſt, too much unjuſt, thus to abſent thy ſelf from *Gaſparo*; thy cruel father ſince hath wept enough to waſh away his error. Fates, *I* do thank you, for this bleſt direction But *Infortunio*, *I* am ſorry now, *I* read the truth of thy unhappineſs: it is too true, *Selina* is beyond your ſphere of hope: pardon, worthy ſir, the ſhape *I* took, was not to mock your fortunes, but try mine own. And have *I* found the wench? *Gorg.* Oh, no, no, your ſuit is in vain, ſtands off, Shepherds. 1 *Shep.* *I* will make thee amends and marry, prethee ſweet *Mopſa*, beautiful *Mopſa*.

Gorg. Beauty! *I* do confeſs *I* have a reaſonable beauty, for black and white, for all other colours are but compounded of them: but the truth is, *I* cannot forget my old Love; though he hath prov'd falſe unto me, *Mopſa* will prove true unto him: oh, and it were not for ſhame, now *I* could die for love.

Sel. Be not dejected, ſir, you have a fate doth ſmile upon you, *I* have a little skill: in that this Gentleman ſeem'd to have ſome knowledge, I muſt needs croſs his judgement, and pronounce you are more happy.

Let not ought your ſoul annoy,
You that Virgin ſhall enjoy,
That you firſt lov'd, who doth wait
To make your wiſhes fortunate,
And ere the Sun declines to Weſt,
You may be with marriage bleſt.

Gaſp. The Boy is mad. *Infor.* Do not undo, ſweet boy, the benefit thou haſt already done me, thou doſt utter impoſſibilities.

Sel. Then with one Argument I can eaſily take off your wonders, look on thy *Selina*, that on the wedding morn, forſook *Rufaldo*, touth'd with a ſenſe of thy indignities, thus to obſcure me from all curious ſearch and inquiſition, but not hoping ever to be made thine; now if true love maintain the opinion you pretend, thus in your arms I powre my ſelf.

Infor. It is *Selina*. Oh, I am rent in pieces with joy and wonder.

Gasp. Hark you, ſir, do not believe him,
Let not paſſion make you a mockery.
Is not *Selina* married to *Rufaldo*? then am I Gooſe-giblet: I ſhould have been at Church with 'em, but for a crotchet that I had in my pate all the morning: I ſpake with her father yeſterday, and from his mouth I heard *Selina* was very well, I think I do not dream, indeed now I call to memory, he ſaid *Selina* was miſt two or three hours ath' wedding morn; ſome figary, I know not what: and *Antonio*, as I ſuppoſed, gone in queſt of her, not heard of ſince: but *Selina* is ſure *Rufaldo's* wife, or ſome devil in her likeneſs has abuſed them all with credulity. This is true, ſir, therefore be not eaſie, do not deſerve more pity, this boy is mad, a jugling boy.

Sel. Shall I not be believed then for my ſelf? Am I refuſed now?

Inf. It cannot be ſhe: troth boy, thy conceit took me at firſt with much credulity: but here's our natures weakneſs, apt to credit what we affect: were there not too much againſt it, thou mighteſt deceive me: oh no, *Infortunio* is given up, loſt to all felicity.

Sel. Since then you put me, ſir, to prove my ſelf, let me not be loſt, I will not call you what I deſire, nor name you ſiſter: give me leave to finde my ſelf, I know not where I am yet: my brother *Antonio* gone? what fury hath aſſum'd *Selina's* ſhape?

Gaſp. Come, put on a mans ſpirit *Mopſa*.

Gor. Well ſir, in regard you are ſo portunate, although I have forſworn Marriage, if you deſiſt conſtant, you may chance to have a lick at my Maydenhead. *Exit cum Inf. & Fel.*

Exeunt.

Sel. I have it, my Brother's loſt: Ile ſend a ſhepherd in *Antonio's* name, to invite my Father hither, and that Incubus. I vow not to forſake theſe Plains, till I poſſeſs my ſelf, or be rejected quite, ſuſpend thy paſſions then awhile, *Selina*, to morrow is the Shepherds Holiday, which they ſolemnize with rural pleaſures, 'twill draw them ſooner: ha, are they gone? I will not leave 'em, with this thread I ſhall tread o're the Labyrinth, and diſcover all. *Exit.*

Enter Cornelio.

Cor. Antonio ſlain! hapleſs *Cornelio*, my hopes were treaſur'd up in him, the ſtaff and comfort of my age, and is he gone?

Enter Antonio, Hillaria, Rufaldo.

Hil Haſt ſent for *Bubulcus*?

Ant.

Ant. I have, Father, let not too much paſſion ſoyl that temper hath been obſerv'd in old *Cornelio*.

Cor. Why, was not he thy Brother? canſt thou think thou haſt ſo little ſhare in young *Antonio*, that thou dareſt ſpeak of comfort?

Ant. Sir, on my life, *Antonio* is not dead.. *Ruf.* No, no, 'tis impoſſible. *Ant.* *Bubulcus*, on my ſoul's a very coward, and durſt as well attempt to take a prey out of a Tygers jaws, as ſee a ſword with patience bent againſt him.

Cor. But Cowards in deſpair prove deſparate, and moſt unhappy.

Ant. A my conſcience I could beat him into a mouſe-hole.

Ruf. Nay, I could beat him, and I am ſure you can beat me, wu'd I were well rid of you: 'tis a double miſery to be abus'd, and dare not ſpeak out.

Enter Bubulcus, *Officers.*

Hil. Here's *Bubulcus*.

Bub. Not guilty, not guilty, and pleaſe your Worſhips, let me not be hang'd for a lye of mine own making: 'tis well known *I* am a ſtinkingcoward; not guilty, I beſeech you; I never drew ſword in anger in my life: if you hang me, you undo me for ever.

Ant. Look you, ſir, 'tis clear.

Bub. My conſcience is a clear as Chriſtal: not guilty, my Lord, I beſeech you. *Cor.* Didſt not thou kill *Antonio* then?

Bub. Let me be hang'd if I did. *Cor.* Stay, he'l confeſs.

Bub. I confeſs I told a lie, thinking to have got ſome credit: but if ever I ſaw *Antonio*, ſince he gave me two or three kicks, which I deſerv'd well enough, broyl me ath' coals. Mercy, oh mercy: do not caſt me away upon the Hangman now, in the pride of my youth: not guilty, my Lord.

Cor. Howſoever fear of death poſſeſs him ſo, *I* ſee the murther in his eyes.

Bub. My eyes? wu'd they were out then: do you ſee murther in my eyes? are my eyes blood-ſhot? *Cor.* His very hand doth ſhew a guiltineſs, look how it trembles.

Bub. The fear of hanging hath put my whole body into palſey: My hands guilty? *I* can waſh my hands clean of it, *I* never kill'd a Fly. By this hand, not guilty.

Enter a Shepherd haſtily.

Shep. Which is *Cornelio*? *Ant.* This: what's the matter? what makes this Shepherd here?

Cor. I am *Cornelio*: is it with me thou wood'ſt?

Shep. *If your name* Cornelio *be,*
Contentment and felicity
I bring you: I am ſent from one
That doth call himſelf your ſon,
Young Antonio, *who thus low*
Would beg your bleſſing, prays that no
Affliction too much you diſmay
For his abſence, bad me ſay,
If you daine ſuſpend your care,
A few hours, and repaire
Unto the place of Shepherds by,
To grace their pleaſures with your eye,
Antonio *will himſelf declare,*
Faithfully what cauſes were
Of his abſence, and requite
Theſe dolours with a freſh delight:
And ſo farewel. This is all:
Back again I hear them call.

Exit Shepherd.

Cor. Oh ſtay awhile.

Ant. He's gone, ſir: did I not tell you, *Antonio* was not dead? but this is ſtrange. *Cor.* Do I not dream?

Ant. *Antonio* among the Shepherds? if he be there, I am dreſt 'ſfaith: By any means, go ſir. *Bub.* Is *Antonio* alive again?

Ruf. Yes verily, alive again, let not the Hangman fright away your wits any longer.

Bub. I hope I ſhall chooſe my own Gallows then. *Hillaria*, you would not believe me: did I look as I had kild any body? now I hope you will hold me for an innocent hereafter.

Cor. *Bubulcus*, pray let us have your Company, it doth concern your freedom. *Antonio* living? *Rufaldo*, let us make a merry day on't, if it be true. I do ſin againſt Diſcretion to diſtruſt it. O my ſtars, I do acquit you all your injuries, if you poſſeſſe me of *Antonio*. Never did man to bliſs more willing go.

Bub. I am glad I am repriev'd: come *Hillaria*.

Ant. 'Twere pretty if *Antonio* be multiplied:
Here's tricks indeed, I am reſolv'd to ſee
What will the end of this confuſion be.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. Never was *Jenkin* in ſuch Wilderneſs, her have walked and travelled creat deal of miles in theſe Woods: but her can finde no end nor evaſions, look you: her have read in Hiſtories, and Relations, and Kemicles, very famous Knights, and prave Sentilmen of valors, and ſhivalries have been enchaunted, look you, in Caſtles and very ſtrange dwellings, and Towers, and ſolitary places, now was have great fears and ſuſpicions, leſt *Jenkin* was fallen into ſome Wiſheries and Conjurations, and was inchaunted, bleſs us awl in theſe Deſarts and Wilderneſſes ſor her valors and magnanimities, *Enter* Jocarello.

Joc. So ho, ho, Maſter *Jenkin.*

Jen. It is our Page agen. *Jocarello*, where have you been? you are very tilligent Poyes, to loſe you Maſter thus.

Joc. I was loſt my ſelf, had not a Shepherd by chance found me, and carried me into his houſe under the ground, where with a great many of Shepherdeſſes we ſate up all night in making Garlands for ſome ſhew and paſtimes to be done this day, which they call their Feſtival: pray, ſir, ſince we have run a wildegooſe chaſe ſo long, let's ſtay one day to ſee theſe ſports and dancings.

Jen. Sports and dances, ſay you? take pleaſures and delectations in dances? Very well, *Jenkin* was knaw how to dance her ſelf, was pred in awl Sentilmans qualities, look you, her will make no peregrinations back till awl be done, and it may be, was ſhake her legs in capers too, look you now.

Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo, Antonio, Bubulcus, Hillaria.

Corn. Maſter *Jenkin*, you are well met in theſe parts, I perceive you are early this morning, to partake the paſtimes of our Shepherds. *Jen.* Good tayes and ſalutations, and creat deal of felicities come to awl your urſhips.

Bub. Sir, my name is Maſter *Bubulcus*, and I am as good a Gentleman. *Jen.* As who pray you? do you make compariſons?

Bub. I do embrace your familiarities, and remain your trueſt worm. *Jen.* Not too much worms, nor familiarities pray you: ha Pages, here is *Selina*'s in her own apparels and veſtiments, awl was very true as our Countrey-woman Eccho's was make reports: *Selina* was gone back agen: very well: Miſtriſs *Selina*'s was very full of joys and exhillarations, to ſee you in theſe places, you knaw how creatly and ardently *Jenkin* was taken with your peauties, and pulchritudes, cret while ago: pray, when did you make

make returns out of theſe woods? *Jenkin* had knowledge, and ſaw you in your Shepherd apparels, and was make ambulations after you hither, out of meer amors and affections as her was true Sentilman.

Ant. I make return out of theſe woods? I entred them but now.

Jen. Well, you deſire not to have things declared, and publiſhed, her was keep awl ſilences.

Ant. Upon my life you are miſtaken quite in this, Mr. *Jenkin*.

Jen. Oh, pray you make not *Jenkin* ridicles, and deriſions, look you, ſhall hear no more of that matters, call you only to memories you promiſed loves to *Jenkin*, pray you in matrimonies creat while ago. *Ant.* I deny not that, ſir, but I know not why you have long neglected me, and I am now married to *Rufaldo*.

Jen. *Rufaldo*'s? hit is not poſſible.

Bub. Father, he ſays it is impoſſible *Selina* ſhould be your wife.

Ruf. How, not my wife? I would fain ſee that.

Jen. Is *Selina* your wifes in truths and verities pray you?

Ruf. Do you make queſtion? My wife? I think there is ſome reaſon, ſhe is my very dear wife, I will aſſure you ſir.

Cor. He has got a boy by this time.

Ruf. A boy? well, I have got ſomething, a pox a your fingers. How ſaiſt? is not ſomething done, Sweet-heart?

Ant. Yes, in my conſcience ſomething is done.

Jen. *Jenkin* was never awl his days have ſuch injuries and contumelies put upon her: was ever Sentilman thus abuſed? have her made repetitions and genealogies of her plood, for no matrimonies? *Jenkin* has peat the puſhes, and *Rufaldo*'s has get the pirds. Hum! her love not to make quarrels and prabbles, but *Jenkin* could fight with any podies in the urld, awl weapons, from the long Pikes to the Welſh-hooks, look you now, no matrimonies? her Welſh-plood is up, look you.

Cor. Maſter *Bubulcus*.

Jen. Maſter Blew-pottles, have you any ſtomacks or appetites to have any plows or knogs upon your coſtards, look you?

Bub. No great ſtomack at this time, ſir, I thank you: alas, I have 'em every day, they are no novelties with me.

Cor. Come, Maſter *Jenkin*, I now perceive you lov'd my daughter, if you had acquainted me in time, I ſhould not have been unwilling to have cal'd you ſon, but ſince 'tis too late, let your wiſedome

dome check impatience: I know you are of a noble temper, howſoever paſſion may a little cloud your vertues, lets be all friends I pray. *Jen.* Here is very good honeſt words, yes, look you, *Jenkin* is in awl amities and friendſhips, but---

Cor. Oh, no more ſhooting at that butt: hark, I hear the Shepherds Muſick, and voice too, lets ſit down I pray, *Antonio* keep thy word.

Muſick, Enter Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes with garlands.

SONG.

Wood-men Shepherds, *come away,*
This is Pans *great holy-day,*
Throw off cares,
With your heaven aſpiring airs
Help us to ſing
While valleys with your Ecchos ring.
2 *Nymphs that dwell within theſe groves,*
Leave your Arbors, bring your loves,
gather poſies,
Crown your golden hair with Roſes,
As you paſs
Foot like Fayries on the graſs.
3 *Joy drown our bowers, Philomel,*
Leave of Tereus *rape to tell,*
Let trees dance,
As they at Thracian Lire did once,
Mountains play,
This is the Shepherds *holiday.*

Dance. The ſong ended, Enter a mask of Satyrs, &c. and dance.
Enter a Shepherdeſs with a white rod.

1. *Shep. Poſt hence Satyres and give way,*
For fairer ſoul's to grace the day,
And this preſence, whip the air
With new raviſhings, hence with care,
By the forelock hold Time faſt,
Leſt occaſion ſlip too faſt
Away from us, joys here diſtill.
Pleaſures all your boſoms fill. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Infortunio, Selina, Gaſparo, Felice, Gorgon, Shepherd. They dance.

Sel. Fair Nymph, vouchſafe the honor to dance with me.

Ant. Troth, ſir, I cannot dance. *Sel.* We know you are *Selina*. *Inf.* Your hand, faireſt. 1. *Shep.* Diſdain not, gentle ſir.

Jen. Pible pables, with awl her hearts, look you. *Gor.* Noble ſir. *Bub.* Fair Lady, at your ſervice. *Gaſp.* I will not change.

Fel. Nor I. *One meaſure Dance.*

Gor. Which is *Antonio?* *Ruf.* It will break out anon.

Sel. You are a thief. *Ant.* Ha. *Sel.* You have rob'd *Selina*

Ant. Then Ile make reſtitution, what are you? *Sel. Antonio.*

Ant. The Devil you are! faith, deal honeſtly with me, and Ile be true to thee: who art? *Sel.* I am *Selina* by my hopes of heaven. *Ant.* Ha, ſiſter then! *Sel.* I have no brother but *Antonio*. *Ant.* And I am he. Oh happineſs!

Sel. If thou beeſt *Antonie*, what made thee aſſume my habit?

Ant. Of that anon. Lives *Infortunio?* *Sel.* He's here, and with him *Gaſparo* and my ſiſter the loſt *Felice*.

Ant. I am raviſht with this wonder.

Sel. Keep your face conſtant: the Muſick calls. *Dance.*

Cor. Ha, what means this? *Ant. Selina.*

Fel. Your bleſsing, ſir, we are your Children.

Gor. Who's this? *Sel.* I am *Selina*, ſir.

Ant. And I am *Antonio*.

Cor. Amazement! thou *Antonio?* he *Selina?*

Ruf. Ha, how's this, my wife become a man? I confeſs ſhe plaid the man with me. *Cor.* But who is this?

Fel. I am *Felice*, ſir, your long loſt Daughter,
Found out by *Gaſparo*, unto whom my vowes
In Heaven were long ſince ſacred, and I beg
Once more he may be mine.

Sel. As I to be poſſeſt by *Infortunio* here.

Cor. Stay children, ſtay: take heed, you do not know what ſtrength of joy my fainting age can bear: you fall in too full ſhowres, like ſwelling *Nile*, theſe comforts will exceed the narrow banks of my poor frailty: Riſe, enjoy your wiſhes, and my bleſsings be multiplyed upon you. Ha! *Rufaldo*, here's *Felice* my loſt Girl, take her, take her, *Gaſparo*. *Selina*, art not thou *Rufaldo*'s Wife? *Ant.* No ſir, I ventured that, he knows me well, *Hilaria* and I were bed-fellows, at his requeſt.

Bub.

Bub. How? *Hillaria* and you bedfellows? I'de laugh at that.

Ruf. I am abus'd, disgrac'd, undone. *Cor.* Nay, *Rufaldo.*

Bub. Why then it seems you were *Antonio*, that I kill'd so, and you have, as a man should say, lain with *Hillaria* beforehand.

Ant. I am not behind hand. *Bub.* Nay, and you have tickled her before and behind, tickle her all over for *Bubulcus.*

Jen. Hark you, is there another *Selina*'s? bless us awl, here is very prave love-tricks, look you. *Ruf.* Blessing on him: why he hath made Stockfish on me, he has beaten away all my inclination to give my blessing. *Cor.* Come, upon recollection, you must make it a bargain: they have, it seems, bought and sold already, 'tis past recovery, he shall be worthy of her. *Hil.* Sir, that you may with more alacrity let fall your blessings: know, our bloods are pure, *Antonio* and your Daughter are as chaste from any sinful act, as when we were first manifested after birth.

Ruf. Ha, saist so? *Ant.* 'Twas none of my fault, I am sure.

Ruf. Then my blessings to you: come, y'are both my Children. *Bub.* How? *Cor.* Amen, and mine: Why I am rapt beyond my self with joys. *Infortunio*, Fate hath effected that I beg'd of Heaven in many prayers for you, oh my blisses.

Bub. So, so, I am guld, my house taken o're my head.

Gorg. Sir, you know who I am, I am yet walking *Terra incognita*, I have a great mind to *Bubulcus*, you know what I have suffered for him, and so forth. *Gasp.* Let me alone, so, so: then pleasures run with a stream upon us, but if we shall make a full day on't, here's one more to meet with her match, this poor Virgin hath been long in love with *Bubulcus*: troth, sir, look upon her at length pitifully complaining: alas good soul, be honest at length: prethee do, and marry her, you know what has past between you, 'tis a handsom Wench. *Bub.* Umh, I do remember she was in love with me, and so was twenty more: what's that to me? Alas, would you have me descend so low?

Gorg. Oh, sir, you sung another song in my mothers Dairy, when we sat up all night together, and had a Sack posset.

Bub. I do remember such a thing, but what's that? Ile tak' t upon me. *Gorg.* I beseech you, Gentlemen, speak for me, for I will have him, I am asham'd to shew my reasons. *Bub.* Very small ones: away you durty quean. *Inf.* What, has he got thee with child? *Gorg.* More then that, sir, *Fel.* Has he had any Bastards? *Gorg.* Indeed Mistriss, Ile tell you; he hath begot

three children of my body. *Inf.* Fie upon't, no leſs then three Baſtards. *Bub.* How? nay, ſhe lies fully, I got but two, ſo many I will acknowledge, becauſe they ſhall not doubt my ſufficiency, had *I* any more then two, ſpeak you lying whore. *Gaſp.* Sir, *I* tender your credit, there is but two ways, either you muſt marry her, or give her a piece of money, that's the eaſieſt way, ſhe is poor: for your reputation— *Bub.* What do you think will content the Whore? *Jen.* Hark you, beſt for you, make ſome ſatisfactions to this Gentilwoman, or *Jenkin* was learn you more honeſties and behaviours towards theſe umans, warrant you Maſter blew pottles. *Gaſp.* A matter of twenty or thirty pieces, you can ſpare them. *Bub.* You Strumpet, here's twenty pieces for you: do you hear? keep well the boys then: but you ſhall ſwear, before theſe Gentlemen, you will never claim marriage: then, be an honeſt woman hereafter. *Gorg.* Yes, bear witneſs, Gentlemen, I do accept his wiſe benevolence, and will never trouble him with marriage— whilſt *Gorgon* lives.

All. Gorgon. *Gorg.* Your ſervant, and your pardons: nay, *Gorgon* has had his devices and vagabunduloes as well as the beſt on ye: give you all joy, I wiſh you wit, ſir. *Bub.* *I* am fool'd of all ſides, was *I* a born fool? *All.* Ha, ha.

Jen. Stay you, Maſter double colours, there be more fools in the buſineſs as your ſelf: well *Jenkin*, were even beſt make ſhurneys back into her own Countreys, and never put credits or conferences in any womans in the whole urld: they all lie and coozen, and make deriſions out awl meaſures.

Inf. Nay, nay, Gentlemen, let's all together,
We'l drown all diſcontents this day with wine,
Let's take up all our Fates then, and proclaim
This day new Feſtivals in *Hymens* name.

Bub. Stay a little, and Ile along with you. Since *I* have miſt my Wench, Ile ask theſe Gentlemens good wils to a ſecond match, in ſtead of an Epilogue.

Courteous Spectators, and kinde Gentlemen.—

Gor. Why, how now? what, are you mad? will you ſpeak the Epilogue? though you have plaid a fool in the Play, you will not ſhew your ſelf an Aſſe before all this company. The Epilogue? *I* hope *I* am the wiſer ath' two, and the better read in Complement.

Judicious

Judicious Gentlemen---

Jen. Hark you, Master double-colours, and you goody *Gorgons*, here is one wiser, Asses you both, to pronounce the Epilogues, warrant you, and one, that knaws----to speak in as good English, Gentlemen, now *sans* Complement.

The Epilogue.

OUr Love-tricks have been shewn, and we attend
To know if your acceptance Crown the end,
The World is full of Tricks, but it will be
A Trick worth all, to have some Plaudite
To these of Love. If then contentment dwell
On you, we shall conclude, our Play shews well,
Which we did Love-tricks call, that you might prove
It was a Trick of ours to gain your Love. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

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